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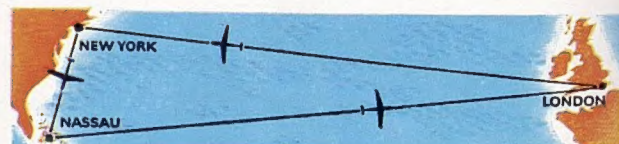
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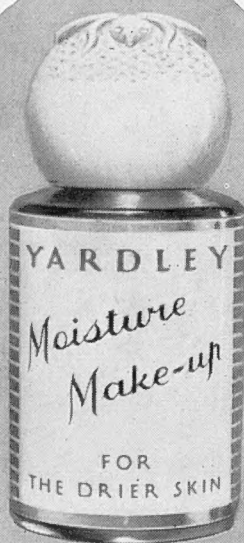
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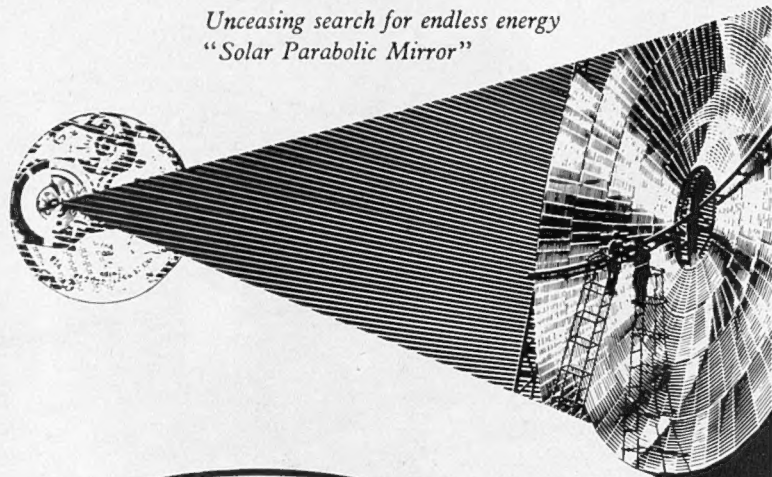
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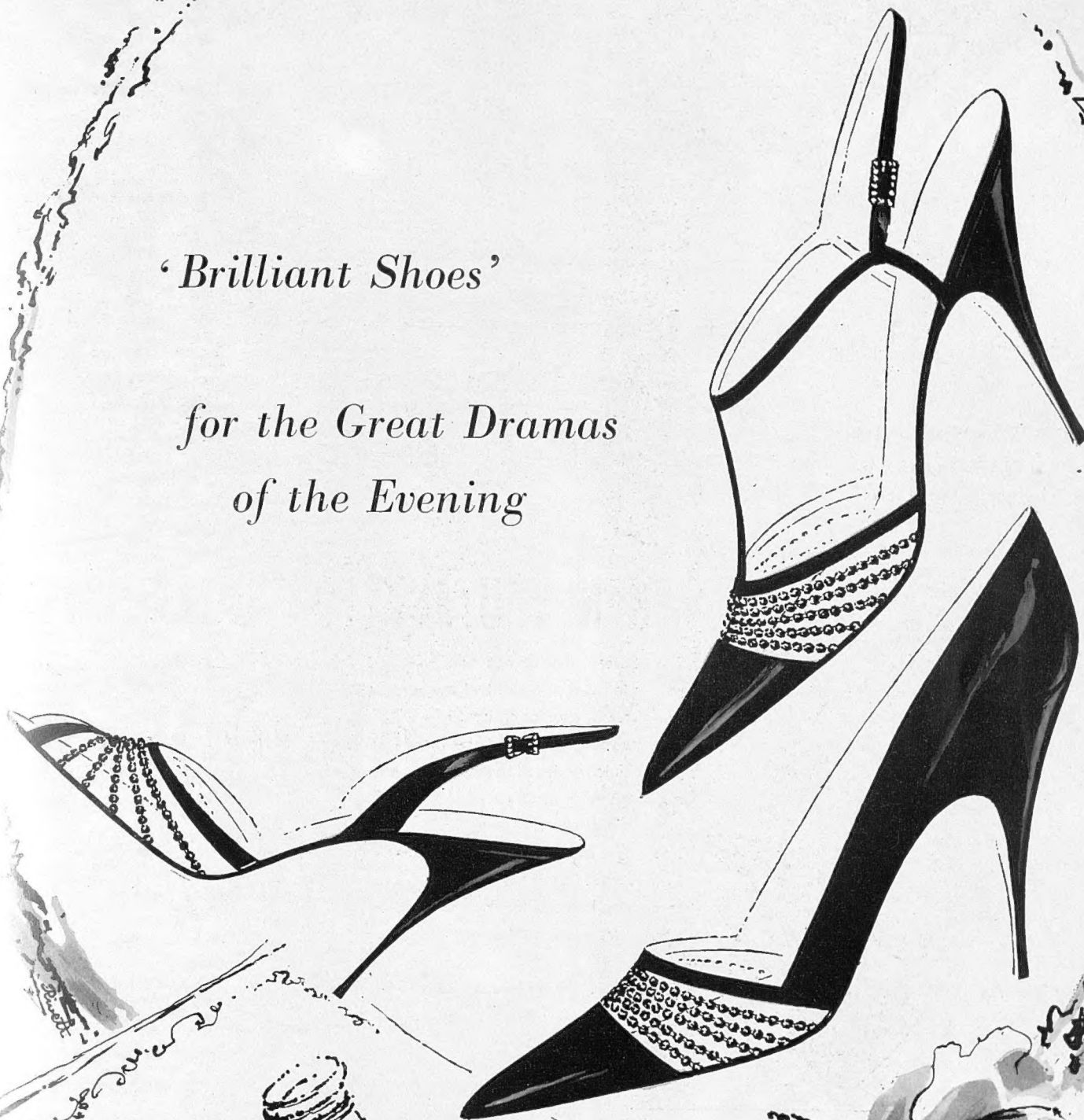
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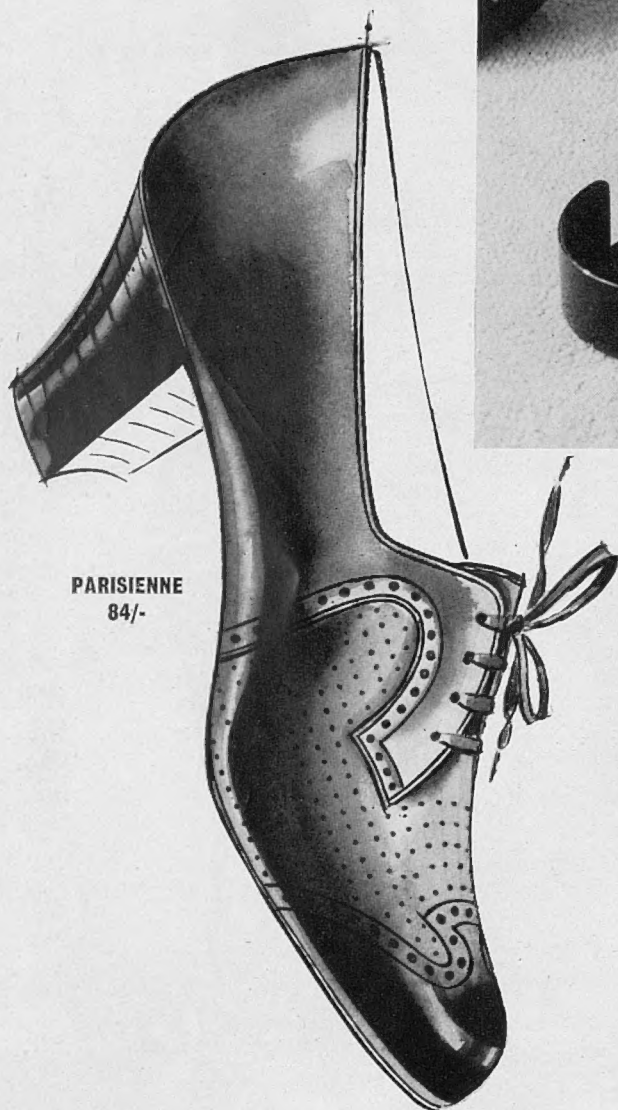
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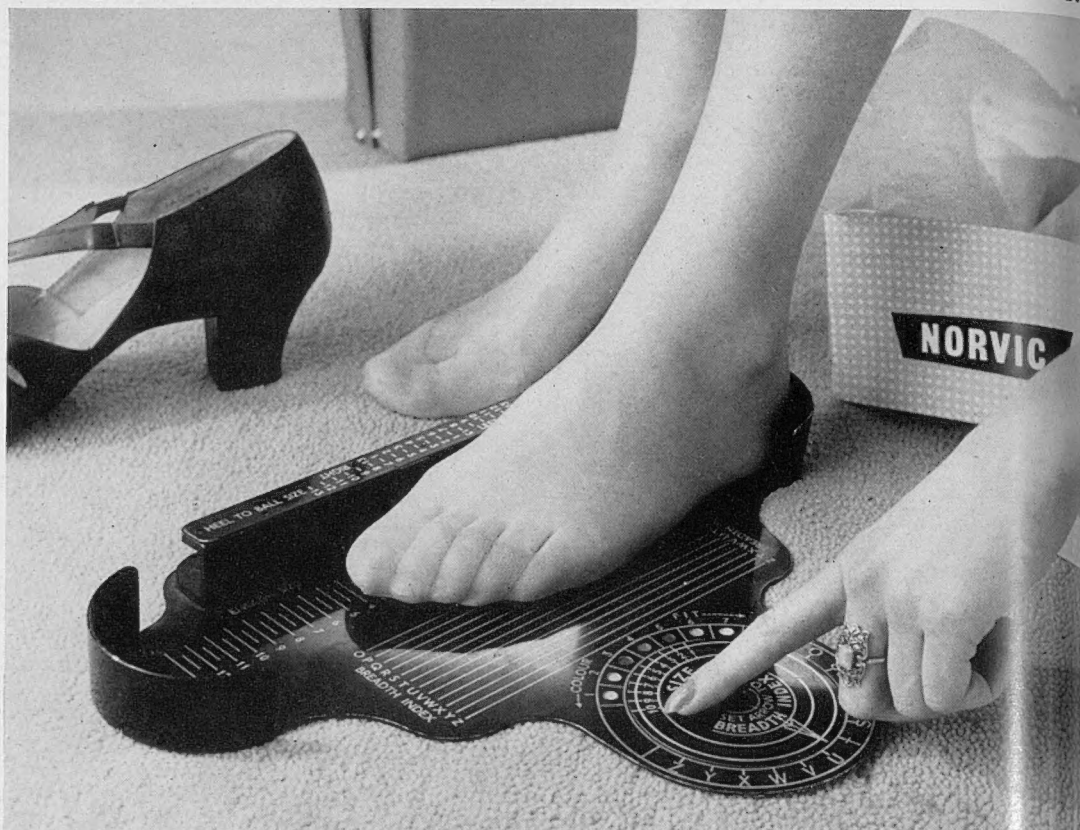


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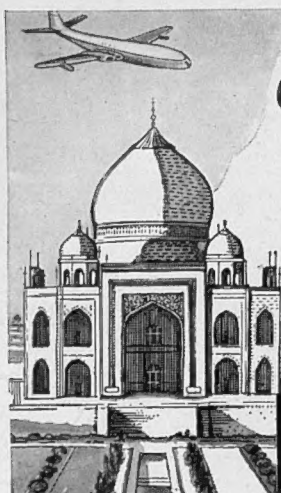
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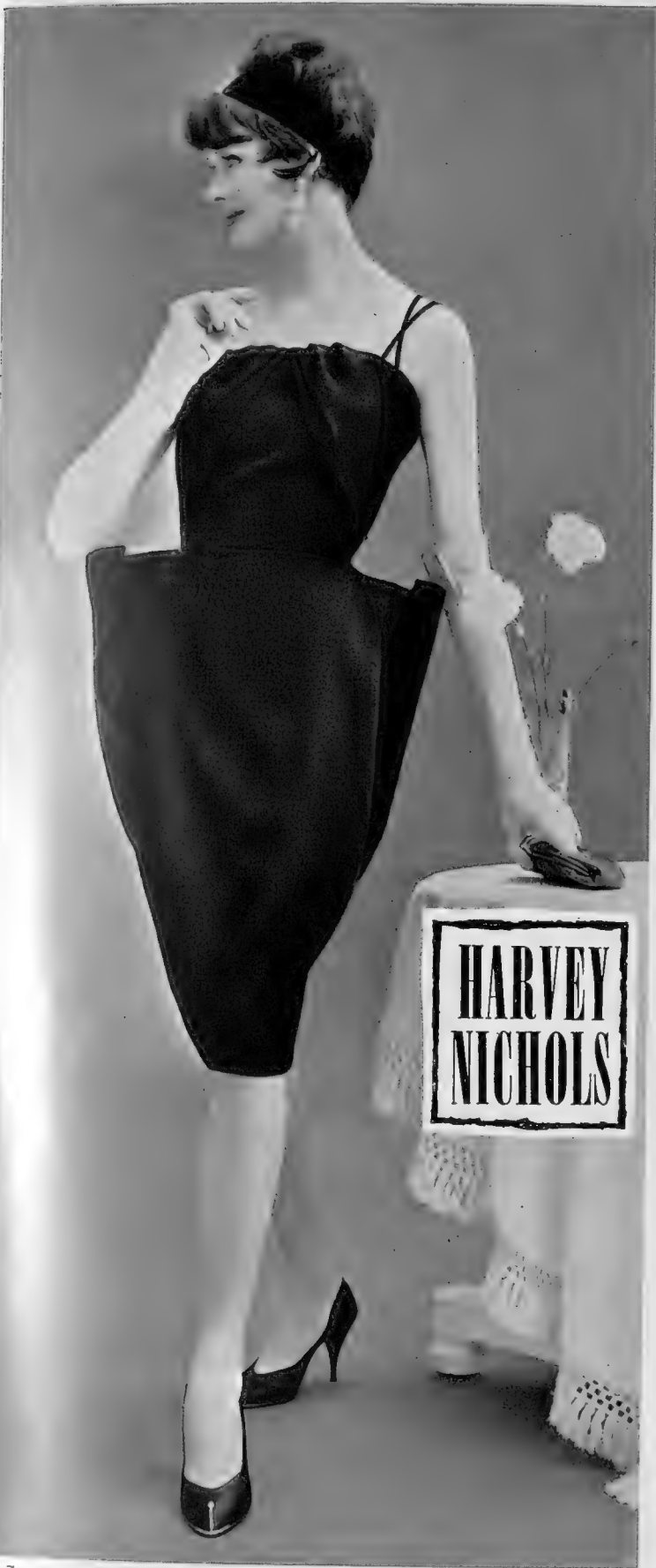
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Enchanting isn't she? Right out of the pages of "The Tatler". But it's that lovely casual hairstyle that catches your eye. Who do you think cut and styled those glorious bouyant waves? XAVIER! You'd guessed already. The picture says Xavier; says Hair Fashion; says that you must have permanent waving the way Xavier does it.



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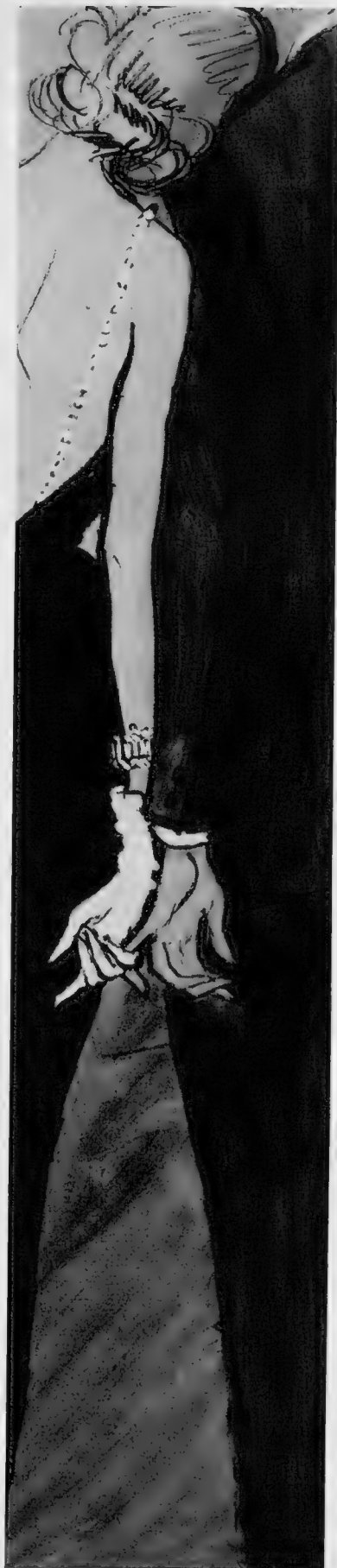
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WHERE to go... WHAT to see

Planning your programme

BY ANDREW HALL

THE QUEEN and Prince Philip will attend the rededication service (19 October) of St. Clement Danes, the R.A.F. Memorial Church in the Strand. It is some consolation to those who have endured the months of drilling and hammering to see what a beautiful job has been made of the building, but it would be a pleasant gesture if the organizer of the service could invite a few of the sufferers from offices surrounding the church.

Two other Royal engagements take place on the 20th and 21st October, both at 8 p.m. in the Royal Festival Hall. Respectively these are the Boys' Club Show *Clubs And Trumps* in the presence of the Duke of Gloucester, and a Gala Concert with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra which Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, will attend.

Parliament will reassemble at 11 a.m. on 23 October for Pro-rogation, and to the layman it seems that the Upper House may have some difficulty in introducing the 14 life peers before that date and the State Opening on 28 October.

Visitors to the Annual Pony Gathering on Exmoor, which begins on 25 October and culminates with

the Pony Fair at Bampton, Devon, on the 30th, will be witnessing a 700-year-old custom. The operation is carried out like a small rodeo, with obvious enjoyment and a great deal of noise and movement. The seaside resorts of Minehead, Lynton

and Ilfracombe, all with good hotel accommodation, are well situated for exploring Exmoor.

It seems no time at all since the last International Motor Show, but now here is another at Earls Court from 22 October to 1 November.



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS

(from recent contributions):

Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

Hong Kong Restaurant, Shaftesbury Avenue. "Probably the largest Chinese restaurant in London. The proprietor... Mr. Chong Mong Young is as interesting as his food."

The Fu Tong, 29 Kensington High Street. "A new restaurant... twittering Eastern finches add to the inclination to relax... good lighting and décor... plenty of room."

The Dog and Fox, Wimbledon High Street (Wimbledon 6565). "A large restaurant... you will think you are back in the West End. Use the Cocktail Bar at weekends—the others will be full."

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

Expresso Bongo (Saville Theatre). "Makes precious few concessions to the popular notion of a British musical. The authors—Mr. Wolf

Mankowitz and adapters—make a neat job. Plenty of hard wit... first-rate lyrics... and Mr. Paul Scofield making his first appearance on the light musical stage."

Duel Of Angels (Apollo Theatre). "Giraudoux, translated by Christopher Fry, gives us woman with a vengeance. Miss Ann Todd has now taken over as the virtuous angel. Excellent direction... smouldering."

Breath Of Spring (Duke of York's Theatre). "Pleasantly nonsensical relaxation... inventive and genuinely funny parlour game of mixed-up old dears. Miss Athene Seyler and Mr. Michael Shepley star."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

The Defiant Ones. "A grim and powerful film... well directed and timely... Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier give the best performances of their careers."

The Crimson Curtain. "A strangely beautiful little film... acted in complete silence while a narrator recounts in English and the first person. The film ends... abruptly and mysteriously... and hangs in the mind like a dreamy question mark."



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The TATLER

BYSTANDER

LXXX. No. 2988

October 1958

10 SHILLINGS



Desmond O'Neill

PERSONALITY

7 years Mr. Speaker

William Shepherd Morrison, Q.C., has for seven years occupied the loneliest seat in the House of Commons, that of the Speaker. And the years have proved him a success, perhaps one day to be numbered among the truly great Speakers. All of which is a far cry from his early career for Mr. Morrison was at one time so much in the thick of party politics that he was frequently tipped as a future Conservative Prime Minister.

All the evidence tended that way. First Minister of Food from 1939 to 1941, then Postmaster-General, he became Minister of Town and Country Planning from 1943 to 1945. His previous ministerial appointments since his election for Cirencester and Tewkesbury in 1929 were as Financial Secretary to

the Treasury, Minister of Agriculture and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Then at 58, in October, 1951, he was suddenly thrust into the Speakership. Mr. Morrison knows the Commons inside out and he has the legal knowledge to deal with the points of order with which the Chair is bombarded: long private secretary to the Solicitor-General, he was called to the Bar, Inner Temple, in 1923, and took silk in 1934.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison (she is a barrister, and they have four sons) have a Queen Anne house at Withington, Glos, from which he will travel soon for the Prorogation of Parliament on October 23 and the State Opening by the Queen on the 28th. Audrey Russell sets the scene on page 136.

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Spence—Noble: Miss Laila Noble, daughter of Sir Andrew Noble, British Ambassador to Mexico, & Lady Noble, married Mr. Kenneth Spence, son of the late Col. P. M. Spence & Mrs. Spence, at St. James's, Piccadilly



Hobbs—Douglas-Dufresne: Miss Elise Katherine Douglas-Dufresne, daughter of the late Mr. Erik Douglas-Dufresne, and Mrs. Douglas-Dufresne, Keir Mains, Dunblane, Perthshire, married Mr. Richard Francis Hobbs, son of Brigadier G. P. Hobbs, and the late Mrs. Hobbs, at St. Etheldrida's Church, Ely Place, London



Webb—Arthure: Miss Frankie Arthure, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Humphrey Arthure, Cliveden Place, London, S.W.1, married Mr. Colin C. Webb, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Webb, Thursoe, Ashlyn's Road, Frinton-on-Sea, at Chelsea Old Church



Gill—Harter: Miss Joanna Harter, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Harter, Stone Dean House; Jordans, Bucks, married Mr. David Anthony Gill, of Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1, son of the late Captain & the late Mrs. Gill, at Chalfont St. Giles Church



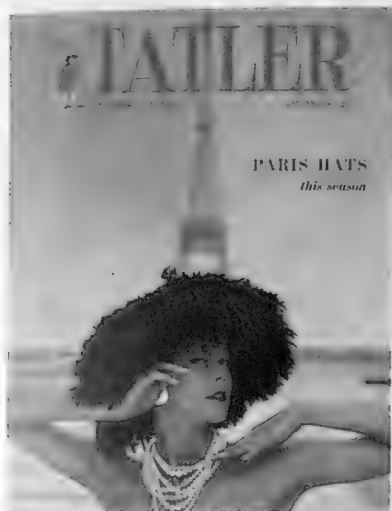
Grey-Edwards—Fitzgerald-Lombard: Miss Jane Fitzgerald-Lombard, daughter of Col. & Mrs. Fitzgerald-Lombard, of The Lodge, Lanchester, married Mr. Christopher Grey-Edwards, son of Capt. & Mrs. T. W. L. Grey-Edwards, Pontrilas, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Harland—Walker: Miss Harriet Eileen Walker, daughter of Major & Mrs. M. G. E. Walker, Knight's Bank, Hill Head, Fareham, Hants, married Mr. Roger Harland, Welsh Guards, younger son of the late Mr. T. Harland, and of Mrs. Karasek of Acklam Grange, Malton, Yorkshire, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly



Sloss—Havers: Miss Ann E. O. Havers, only daughter of Mr. Justice Havers, of Lichfield Road, Kew Gardens, & the late Lady Havers, married Mr. Joseph William Alexander Sloss, of Chelsea Cloisters, London, S.W.3, son of the late Mr. F. Sloss, & of Mrs. Violet Sloss of Malone Avenue, Belfast, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



THE PARIS TOUCH in fashion needs topping off with a hat, and on pages 148-149 you can take your choice. If you go for the one shown here, it is by Pierre Cardin, made of massed ostrich fronds emphasizing his favourite Shock-Headed Peter look. Alfredo de Moelli took the picture on the Champ de Mars in Paris. Also in this issue: this year's historic Opening of Parliament, by the B.B.C.'s Audrey Russell (page 136); the White Russians 40 years after (page 138), Peter Townend

The Motor

How

Number

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: How an influence has helped make prettier, an authoritative four-page picture feature in four and half-tone. What women get in a car, as asserted hilariously by **Mary Macpherson**. And, also in colour, **Vintage Models** (fashion girls as well as cars!).



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SOCIAL DIARY

They danced while the City slept

by JENNIFER

DEEP in the City of London are some of the most beautiful halls in the country. They belong to the Livery Companies, and among them are several which have been rebuilt after destruction in the blitz. The owners of these have taken infinite pains to ensure that the restored halls retain the dignity associated with their centuries of history, and have shown that tradition can be combined with the best of modern décor.

The Mercers' Hall, off Cheapside, is one of these, and the spacious rooms with their classic mouldings have crystal chandeliers and Grinling Gibbons panelling. On the walls, too, are many fine pictures, among them some superb Canalettoes. Exquisite flowers added to the beauty of the scene when the Hall made a perfect setting for the coming-out dance which Lady Hayter, Mrs. Dupree and Mrs. Christopher Hohler gave jointly for their daughters Miss Teresa Hayter, Miss Delia Dupree and Miss Olga Hohler. The three girls, in dresses of pastel shades, created a memorable picture as they stood with their mothers receiving the guests.

Old friends were there

Older friends there included Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, Lord Harvey of Tasburgh, former Ambassador in Paris (wearing, like many other men present, his orders and decorations), and Lady Harvey, who were greeting many friends, Sir Douglas Howard, former Minister to the Vatican, Lady Rumbold, whose husband was at the British Embassy in Paris when Lord & Lady Harvey and Sir William & Lady Hayter were there; also Mr. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, Lord & Lady Kenyon, and Lady Reilly, whose husband Sir Patrick Reilly succeeded Sir William Hayter as British Ambassador in Moscow in 1957. Lady Reilly, charming in red satin, told me her husband was laid up with an injury to his Achilles' tendon.

Among those who gave dinner parties for the ball were Sir Donald & Lady Anderson, Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Riley-Smith, Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Filmer-Sankey, Mr. & Mrs. Derek Butler Adams, Mr. Francis & Lady Prudence Loudon, Viscount & Viscountess de L'Isle & Dudley, Princess Iris Galitzine, Mr. Rory & Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall, Lord & Lady Dulverton and Mr. Ivan & Lady Edith Foxwell. Dancing took place in the long banquetting hall, which was full of

happy young people, all pleased to be meeting again after the summer holidays. Among them I saw Miss Dominic Riley-Smith, Miss Fiona Pilkington, Miss Diana Hall, Miss Gillian Anderson, Miss Susan Aubrey Fletcher, Miss Miranda Smiley and Miss Zia Foxwell. Pictures on Pages 140-141.

Eve-of-departure cocktails

I went for a short time to a delightful cocktail party given by Lord & Lady Weeks in their charming Lowndes Square flat. Lord Weeks was just off by air on a business trip to Canada and on to America where Lady Weeks was joining him later this month, and they are coming home by sea in one of the Queens early in November. Their elder daughter the Hon. Mrs. Plunkett-Erle-Drax was staying with them before she returned with her baby son to Malta, where her husband, who is a sailor like his father (Admiral the Hon. Reginald Plunkett-Erle-Drax) is stationed. Lady Weeks's son Major Ewan Cumming was also there helping to look after the guests, who included the Lord Chancellor & Viscountess Kilmuir, Earl & Countess Beauchamp, Sir Ian Jacob, Director-General of the B.B.C., & Lady Jacob, General Sir Humphrey Gale, Lady Plunkett-Erle-Drax, and Mr. & Mrs. Terence Maxwell.

I also met Lord & Lady Kindersley, Mr. Whitney & Lady Daphne Straight who have been enjoying a holiday at their enchanting home in Majorca, Sir Gerard & Lady d'Erlanger, Major-General & Mrs. Charles Dunphie, just back from Cap Ferrat where they are building a small villa, and Mrs.



At Longchamp. The winner of the Arc de Triomphe Race was a British horse, Ballymoss, owned by Mr. J. McShain and ridden by A. Breasley

Other People's Babies

BENJAMIN, 18 months, son of Lord & Lady Mancroft, Montagu Square, W.1. His father is a Minister without Portfolio



Barry Swaabe



JENNIFER, three years, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Barnett, Norgrove, The Bishops Avenue, N.2



Barry Swaabe

THE HON. RICHARD NORTON, 2½ years, son of Lord & Lady Grantley, Lower Belgrave St., S.W.1

Graham Bailey with her brother Mr. Alan Robertson, who, like many of the guests, were admiring the portrait of Lord Weeks by Sir Gerald Kelly which was exhibited in this year's summer exhibition at the Royal Academy.

These pictures puzzled me

When I went to the Tate Gallery to see the Moltzau collection of 19th and 20th-century European paintings entitled "From Cezanne to Picasso" I saw the French Ambassador M. Chauvel looking at the pictures. These include some ultra-modern works which I find hard to understand and don't enjoy, but for the benefit of those who do I pass on an opinion that this exhibition, which goes on until 2 November, has some of the finest examples. Among them are works by Russian-born De Stael, Manessier, Bazaine, Esteve and Bissiere. It was also a pleasure to see several Renoirs, including his charming portrait of Mme. Victor Choquet. Photographs of the private view are on **Page 143**.

A Christmas show for refugees

Viscount Astor lent his house in Upper Grosvenor Street and presided at a committee meeting to discuss plans for an All-Star Christmas Matinée. This is to take place at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on 19 December in aid of the St. Martin-in-the-Fields Appeal for Refugees. The proceeds from the sale of tickets are being devoted to the Ockenden Venture to help refugee children brought to this country from displaced persons camps in Germany.

Mr. Prince Littler has given the theatre for the matinee, and there are to be three separate items on the programme: The first performance of a Nativity play with music specially arranged for the occasion by the

THE DUCHESS OF KENT has kindly consented to attend the Autumn Ball in Quaglino's new ballroom on October 30 in aid of the British Council for Rehabilitation. Several stars of the theatrical world are giving a cabaret. Tickets from the chairman, Viscountess Tarbat, B.C.F.R., Tavistock House (South), Tavistock Sq., W.C.1.

late Dr. Ralph Vaughan-Williams just before he died, with the orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult; a spectacular ballet by principal dancers of the Royal Ballet from the Royal Opera House organized by Dame Ninette de Valois; and lastly a galaxy of celebrities in All-Star Variety presented by the Variety Club of Great Britain. The Rev. Austen Williams, vicar of St. Martin's, told us that with Mr. Littler's generosity and the help of all those taking part there should be no big expenses, and he would see that every penny went to the Ockenden Venture. Lord Inman (chairman of the Venture) spoke, also Lord Mackintosh of Halifax. Others at the meeting to support the matinee were Nancy Viscountess Astor, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Coryton, Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony, Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo and Mrs. Derek Hague. Tickets for the matinee from the Rev. Austen Williams, Refugee Appeal Office, 5 St. Martin's Place, London, W.C.2.

Wedded by a bishop

I went down to Sussex for the pretty country wedding of Mr. Peter Lumsden, younger son of the late Lieut.-General Herbert Lumsden and Mrs. J. N. P. Wood of Henley Hall, Ludlow, and Miss Jill Howard, younger daughter of the Hon. Sir Arthur & Lady Lorna Howard of Wappingthorn, Steyning. It took place in St. Andrew's Church, Steyning, where beautiful garden flowers were arranged and pots of fuchsias stood on each side of the aisle. The Bishop of London officiated, assisted by the Rev. C. Egerton-Williams.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore an embroidered white satin wedding dress and her tulle veil was held in place by a diamond tiara. She was attended by four children, her nephew and niece Simon and Emma Russell, the bridegroom's nephew Charles Lumsden, and Belinda Shrubsall. The pages wore the kilt of the Lumsden tartan and the little girls long dresses of cherry-red faille with head-dresses to match like the five older bridesmaids, the Hon. Caroline Grenfell, Miss Gloria Abbey, Miss Molly Naylor, Miss Giovanna de Andria and Miss Helgi Ulk.

The Hon. Sir Arthur & Lady Lorna Howard, the latter in a light blue ensemble, held a reception at Wappingthorn and received the guests with the bridegroom's stepfather, Col. Wood, and his mother who looked chic in brown velvet. Among the many relations and friends present were the bridegroom's brother and sister-in-law Capt. & Mrs. Michael Lumsden, whose young son was a page, his aunt Miss Roddick, the bride's brother-in-law and sister the Hon. Jock & Mrs. Russell, the latter wearing a gay paradise plume trimmed hat (they were married in the same church seven years ago), her brothers Mr. Robin and Mr. Alexander Howard, her uncle Earl Baldwin, and her aunts Lady Diana Kemp-Welch, Lady Margaret Huntington-Whiteley with her son Mr. Hugo Huntington-Whiteley, and Lady Betty Baldwin.

I also met the Earl & Countess of Limerick (Lady Limerick was leaving by air for Nairobi next day), Sir Gordon & Lady Munro and their elder son Alan who has just passed his Foreign Office examination, Mrs. George Bambridge, Mr. & Mrs. David

[Continued on page 128]

Fashion at Belvoir Castle

HOME OF THE
DUKE OF RUTLAND

700 guests attended the dress show held at Belvoir Castle in aid of the Melton Mowbray Conservative Association. The dress, right, from the Worth collection, was modelled by Miss Diana Poole. Dresses by Hardy Amies were also shown



Miss Rosemary Shires and the Earl of Lanesborough (chairman of Melton Conservative Association)



The Duke & Duchess of Rutland. He is president of Melton Mowbray Conservatives



Lord John Manners (he is the Duke of Rutland's brother), Lady John Manners, Mrs. R. Moore and Mr. Adrian Farquhar



The Duchess of Argyll. She is the Duchess of Rutland's mother



The Hon. Mrs. Charles Stourton and Mrs. Frank Rhodes



Mrs. W. J. Lorrimer and Mrs. W. Hine

A. V. Swaabe



Miss Jill Howard married Mr. Peter James Scott Lumsden at St. Andrew's Church, Steyning. Jennifer writes about the wedding this week

Yorke who have an enchanting house near St. Andrew's Church, Miss Mary Vickers, Mr. "Buster" Andrews, Col. & Mrs. Kennard, and Mrs. Radclyffe. Mr. Ewan Macpherson was best man and others there to wish the young couple happiness were the bride's cousins Lord Congleton and the Hon. Christopher Parnell and his wife, also the Hon. Thomas Manners

A real-life demonstration

I motored down to the Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead, for the dinner ball held there in aid of the St. John Ambulance Brigade in Berkshire; (there are pictures on page 130). This was an extremely well run and enjoyable evening and raised a large sum for this wonderful voluntary nursing and first-aid organization. On their way to the ball many guests saw members of the Brigade at work when they passed a road accident, the St. John Ambulance having been quickly on the spot to take the casualties to hospital. The Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, who looked charming in grey with lovely rubies and diamonds, was president of the ball, and Lady Joubert de la Ferté, attractive in midnight blue, the hard-working chairman. It was largely due to her untiring efforts that the evening was such a success. Overhead expenses were kept to the minimum thanks to St. John members volunteering to help. They looked after the car park and cloak-rooms, took the tickets and ran the tombola where there were plenty of good prizes.

With Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté, Lady Joubert had a party of 22 including the Hon. Mrs. Gamage, Sir Denistoun Burney and his charming American-born wife, pretty Miss Marian Roberts from Johannesburg who was staying with the Burneys, Dr. & Mrs. Markle from Sydney who were spending the weekend with Mrs. Gamage at her new home at Ascot, Col. & Mrs. Perfect and Mr. & Mrs. Kingsley. The Marquess of Willington, who has recently been appointed president of the St. John Council for Berkshire, was at a nearby table with the Marchioness of Willington and some friends.

Rear-Admiral Dick, the Deputy Commissioner-in-Chief of St. John, came down from London and joined Capt. T. Brownrigg, R.N.

& Mrs. Brownrigg at their table. Mrs. Mark Ostrer, who had given all the beautiful flowers and also arranged them, was there, also Sir Conrad Corfield chairman of the St. John Council for Berkshire, Col. & Mrs. James Horlick, Sir John & Lady Marling, Lady Gwendoline Latham, Air Vice-Marshal Elworthy, Commandant of the R.A.F. Staff College, and Mr. & Mrs. George Whigham. Many of those present were attending a St. John's Presidents' Conference which Lady Freyberg had arranged in the Norman Tower of Windsor Castle next morning.

The milk-bar was crowded

The Orchid Room suite of the Dorchester is an ideal setting for one of the smaller dances of 200-300 guests (pictures on pages 140-141). Mrs. Charles Wood gave an enjoyable one here for her pretty daughter Miss Diana Wood, who wore an attractive dress of green organza trimmed with ostrich feathers. Dancing took place in the Orchid Room with its becoming soft lighting, and supper was served at small tables in an adjoining room which had a milk bar in one corner that was most popular among young guests. There was another bar in the Holford Room which was used for sitting-out. Beautiful flowers were arranged everywhere and on all the supper tables. Dr. Charles Wood was there to help his wife (who wore a pale grey dress with lovely emeralds and diamonds), also their young son Garth.

Many friends from the Newbury district, where they live, brought parties as well as friends in London. They included the Hon. Frederick & Mrs. Hennessy whose younger daughter Susie I saw dancing happily, Mr. & Mrs. Alec Pilkington, Mr. & Mrs. "Boy" Pilkington, Lady Des Voeux, and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Iliffe. Among other dinner hostesses were Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Edward Butler Henderson who is giving a dance for her daughter Penelope next month, Mrs. Raymond Greene, Mrs. McKay, Mrs. Tom Skyrme, the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. Clare O'Rorke whom I met at the dance with her husband. Their petite daughter Miss Sally O'Rorke was among the young people I noticed enjoying this good party. Others included Miss Georgina Scott, Miss Gay Foster escorted by Mr. Jamie Illingworth, Miss Zia Foxwell, Miss Deborah Jowitt, Miss Georgina Turner, Miss Margaret McKay, Miss Annabel Greene, Miss Allegra Kent Taylor, Miss Pam Walford and Mr. Robin Stewart, just back from a lovely trip to California and beginning his first year at Oxford.

Ballymoss wins in Paris

The Irish cheered, the English cheered, the Americans cheered and even some of the French, Germans and Italians cheered when that fine racehorse Ballymoss won the Prix de L'Arc de Triomphe (the richest race in Europe) at Longchamp for his American owner, Mr. J. McShain, who unfortunately was not present to see this latest victory. Ballymoss, who last year was second in the Derby and won the St. Leger, has this year won nearly £80,000—a European record which eclipses Tulyar's winnings in one season. His career total now nears £100,000.

The race was a triumph for the brilliant

young Irish trainer Mr. Vincent O'Brien who turned Ballymoss out looking a picture and as fit as any horse could be. He alone had to make the decision of whether or not to run Ballymoss on the soft going that the horse is said to dislike, which was made even worse by a torrential cloudburst just before the race. But Ballymoss, ridden by the Australian jockey Scobie Breasley, proved that a really good horse can win on any kind of going. It is encouraging for all who are interested in British bloodstock to know that Mr. McShain has agreed to Ballymoss being syndicated to stand at stud over here, and is not (as was feared) going to stud in America. But the Americans may get a chance of seeing him run if Mr. McShain decides to let him go over for the International Gold Cup at Laurel Park next month.

Reverting for a moment to Mr. O'Brien, he has a unique record for a trainer, as not only has he trained the winner of nearly every big flat race in England and Ireland and now the greatest flat race in France, but he has also trained three Grand National winners. After the Prix de L'Arc de Triomphe he was presented to the French President who was there to watch the race.

It was an interesting afternoon's racing, as not only did we see the best horses from France, Germany and Italy, besides Ballymoss, in the big race, but the other five races were all high class. The first one, a two-year-old handicap, was won by the Aly Khan's Tais Toi trained by Alec Head. This owner and trainer hoped to win the next race with Ginetta, a nice-looking daughter of Tulyar, but she was badly away and only finished second to Mme. Leon Volterra's Edellie trained by F. Mathet. The same owner won the following race with her filly Lilya, beating Baron Henri von Thyssen's Orsini, winner of many races in Germany and recently the Oslo Cup in Norway, which was ridden by Lester Piggott.

A Rothschild was there

Among French racing personalities present I saw M. & Mme. Maurice Hennessy, the latter chic in black, Baron Guy de Rothschild and his wife who was wearing a suit of black and white checks, Mme. Elizabeth Couturier M. François Dupré, who had two runners in the big race, M. & Mme. Marcel Boussac, Baron Geoffrey de Waldner and his wife who wore red with a fur hat, and Mr. Allan Miller who has a few horses in training in France and has won several races there this season. He was flying over to London the following day to spend a few weeks at the Dorchester where his wife was joining him from America. I also saw the Comtesse de Chambure and Mrs. Arpad Plesch who had flown up from the South of France to see her horse Daffodil run in the Prix du Moulin. She was talking to Lady Sykes who was over for the weekend with Sir Richard Sykes and was unlucky in suddenly having raging toothache.

It was such a wet afternoon that people did not walk about much, so it was difficult to meet one's friends. Among those I saw watching the racing from the boxes and Tribunes Réservés were Lord Digby, Lady Zia Wernher a charming personality and one of the best owners in British racing, Mr.

[Continued on page 132]



Mr. Jeremy Beale (he came first in the open on Fulmer Folly)
and Miss Gillian Morrison. She rode Major Hudson's Roly



Miss Sheila Willcox (she came second
in the open) with Miss K. Tatham
Warter, who rode Romany

Horse trials day

at Wellesbourne, Warwick

S. Whitmore, Mr. G. Mobbs and Miss
J. Berry

Miss Julie Halford, Miss Angela Deane and
Mrs. J. E. Halford, from Northamptonshire



Mrs. P. M. Gott with her daughter Miss
Jennifer Gott and Mr. D. Owen



Miss J. Bullock, Capt. B. G. Wooff and
Mr. Ian Straker



Lt.-Col. R. H. L. Brackenbury (he
organized the trials) with Mr. E. Quicke



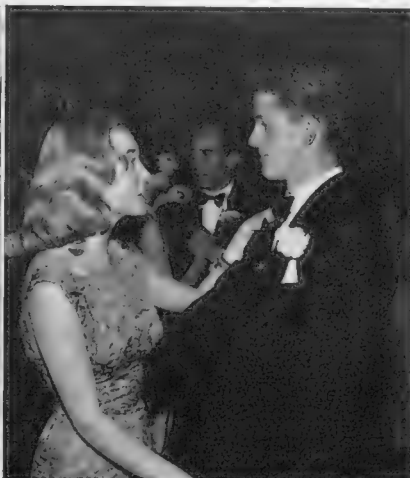
Above: The Marquess & Marchioness of Willingdon. The Marquess is president of the St. John Ambulance Brigade Berkshire Council. Centre: Mr. & Mrs. John Horlick. He is a director of the family firm of Horlick's. Top right: The Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage (ball president) with Admiral Royer Dick, deputy commissioner-in-chief of the S.J.A.B., and his wife. The ball was given at the Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead

St. John Ambulance (above)

Two parties help

Music in Hospitals (below)

Left: Mr. Timothy Maskell and Miss Susan Douglas. She is the daughter of Lady Cecil Douglas. Right: Miss Diana Stoneham with Mr. Michael Holt, a chartered accountant. The event opened Quaglino's new ballroom



Mr. David Gilliat, a land agent, and Mrs. Gilliat

Mrs. Charles Maton, wife of W/Cdr. Maton, and Mr. P. J. Markell



Left: Miss Felicity Hall (her father is M.P. for Wycombe) and Mr. Andrew Newby. Right: Lady Carolyn Townshend (she is the daughter of Marchioness Townshend) with M. Christian Simon-Lorieri



An army wedding (AT ST. MICHAEL'S)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWAEBE



Smiles at the reception from the bride and groom, Miss Anne Rosemary Trench and Mr. Timothy Patrick Arnold Gosselin of the Scots Guards

Brig. J. M. Cheney, Chief Constable of Bucks, who proposed the toast of the bride and groom (below, left) with Mrs. Cheney. Below, right: Miss Jill Barbezat and Mr. Michael Mostyn-Owen, two of the guests



Brig. & Mrs. A. N. Gosselin, parents of the bridegroom, with Mrs. Dudley Trench, stepmother of the bride, and Lt.-Col. the Hon. Dudley Trench, the bride's father



Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Baskervyle-Glegg (above) at the reception held at the Dorchester Hotel

Below: The five bridesmaids, Miss Jacqueline Trench, sister of the bride, Miss Myrna Baskervyle-Glegg, Miss Rosemary Johnston, Miss Susan Pank and Miss Romaine Capper



Capt. William Thomson (above, left) with Mrs. Edward Hulse. Miss Christine Fairfax-Ross and the Hon. Annabel Hennessy, (above, right) with Mr. Roger Wellesley Smith who was the best man



JENNIFER *Continued from page 128*

& Mrs. Peter Cazalet with Lord & Lady John Hope, the Government broker Mr. Derek Mullens and his wife, Col. & the Hon. Mrs. Archie Scott, Mr. & Mrs. Brian Kootes who combined a visit to the motor show with this meeting, Col. & Mrs. Bill Murray-Lawes, Col. & Mrs. Peter Flower and their attractive daughter Venetia who is shortly returning to London to take a secretarial course, Miss Rosanna Foster who has just gone to a family in Paris to finish her education, Capt. Cyril Hall who manages the Aly Khan's studs and before the race told me he had confidence in Ballymoss, and Cdr. Cotton, over from Northern Ireland with the sad news that Cdr. & the Hon. Mrs. Osborne King's house in Co. Down had been badly damaged by fire a few nights before.

Spectators from England

Others at the course were the Hon. John Lambton, the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps with Mr. & Mrs. Bobbie Kirkwood, and the Hon. John & Mrs. Coventry in a box with Comte & Comtesse Guy de la Frégonnière. Comtesse Frégonnière was coming over to London a few days later to prepare for her daughter Miss Judy Gillson's wedding to Mr. Charles Doughty in London on 2 December. Mr. C. L. G. Phillpotts, Counsellor at the British Embassy, and his lovely wife were in Mr. & Mrs. George Ansley's box. The Ansley's have a charming house just off Avenue Foch which Mrs. Ansley (who is French by birth and a great connoisseur of antiques) has filled with the most exquisite furniture, porcelain and *objets d'art*. M. & Mme. Nubar Gulbenkian were also with the Ansleys and had driven to the course in what one might describe as "the King of Bubble cars"—a Rolls-Royce fitted with a transparent top which enables them to get an exceptionally good view of the country. They keep it in Paris for touring in Europe.

An American race organizer

Also racing were Mr. John Schapiro who runs the Laurel Park races so efficiently, Mr. Rory & Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall, Mr. & Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall and Mr. Roderick More O'Ferrall, Mr. Clifford Nicholson, Mrs. Edward Slesinger and her two sons, Capt. M. K. Cavenagh-Mainwaring, British Naval Attaché in Paris, and his wife, Mr. Charles Jerdein, Mr. Roy Hobson, Col. & Mrs. Vincent Dunkerley on their way home from the Mediterranean, the Hon. George Borwick talking to Mr. Geoffrey Oldham whose Talgo finished second in the 1956 Arc de Triomphe, and Mr. John Miles Huntington-Whiteley.

I stayed as usual at the superbly comfortable Ritz hotel which as the years go on still retains its grace and elegance. One of the guests I met there was the lovely Begum Aga Khan. In the Ritz I also saw Lady Kent who told me she was on her way to Lausanne, Mr. Simon & Lady Sylvia Combe, Sir Humphrey Clark, Mr. Garry Booth Jones and Mr. Toby Marten, Mr. & Mrs. Robin Hastings and Brig. Roscoe Harvey, who were all over for the big race.



DÉBUT England's new Lord Chief Justice, Lord Justice Parker, arrives at Westminster Abbey for the traditional service which opens the legal year. This was the first occasion on which he had appeared in public in the robes, full-bottomed wig and buckled shoes which form the panoply of his office. After the service Lord Justice Parker was sworn in



NEWS PORTRAITS

VIEW 1 A kilted Kinnoull stands on the summit of Kinll Hill and looks out over Perthshire. 23-year-old Earl of Kinnoull, who is in charge of an estate in Kent, had just returned back to Scotland on business. With him is his Dalmatian dog, Dupplin. The ancestral home of the Kinnoull family is Balhousie Castle, Perth



Alan Vines



VIEW 2 L. S. Lowry (*left*), famous for his detailed paintings of the North Midlands industrial scene talks at the private view of his recently opened London exhibition to Mr. Jack Beddington who collects contemporary British art and who, 20 years ago, was the first to commission a picture by Lowry. Of 35 paintings at the Faber Gallery in Bruton Street, about 30 were sold before the private view ended

The time they gave me the Stag's Foot

How to be feudal on a shoe-string. The writer, who is in private life Marquise de Chabannes La Palice—she lives in a château in Calvados—describes a moment of crisis for the seigneur and his lady

by CECILY MACKWORTH

IN ORDER that the sad story of the Trophy should be properly understood, I must introduce it with a brief statement of our financial position. This has two aspects, both easily defined. Sometimes we have a little money, and at other times—owing to the vagaries of French agriculture—we have none at all. It is impossible to explain this, of course, to our neighbours. Normandy peasants are conservative people and no one will ever make them believe that the squire in his *château* (even if the said *château* has not had a good dusting since the last servant left, two years ago) is not as rich as he used to be. If he does not spend much, they conclude that he is mean; but this is a quality they appreciate, so they think all the better of us. As for the wealthy Parisians who spend the summer holidays in their country residences, they take it for granted that everyone is rich. One way or another, this leads us into a lot of trouble.

Anyway, the local horse-show this year fell at a moment of crisis unprecedented even for us. There was some discussion as to whether we could afford to go at all, but we couldn't resist the main attraction. An extra-rich Parisian, who rents a house each summer and likes to brighten the lives of the natives, had arranged for a demonstration from a stag hunt with which he is connected. Hunting in France is rather a grand, feudal affair, not at all like the rat-catcher business on Exmoor. We were promised a mock kill,



with all the accompanying ceremonial, and it was obviously too good to miss.

So we went, and it was well worth the 500 francs at the gate. First there were the jumping competitions, then an interval with the veterans' band playing the *Arlésienne*, then a tremendous blast of hunting horns. Into the ring came a pack of well-trained hounds, and another pack of elegant riders in bottle-green hunt uniforms. There was a fanfare from the horns and what looked like a fine stag was unloaded from a van to wait in the midst of the circle of hounds for the huntsman to give the signal for the kill. Actually, we could see that it was just the stag's head and his skin, cleverly arranged, and you could see from the hungry expression on the hounds' faces that there was a lot of meat hidden under the skin.

The loudspeaker was still giving a running commentary when one of the organizers galloped up to the grandstand. He sprang from his horse, like one of those messengers in stories about medieval knights, and whispered to me that I, as the local *châtelaine*, had been chosen to receive the Honours of the Foot.

I had no idea what he meant, but my husband just had time to say it was Always Done, which he seemed to think explained everything. Then I was hustled into the ring, where I waited, trying to adjust a proper expression to my face—something between modesty and pride, I felt, was the thing to try for.

There was another peal from the hunting horns and the skin was pulled off and the hounds fell on the meat. Then the Comte de X, Master of the Hunt, rode up to me and presented me with a stag's foot, which had obviously been previously removed and prepared for the occasion. There was a burst of polite clapping, and some more blowing of horns. The photographers from the county press snapped their cameras and the ceremony was over. It had been quite easy and everyone was pleased.

Everyone, that is, except my husband. His face was stiff with controlled emotion. I hissed a "What's the matter?" and he hissed back: "I've just remembered, one has to tip the Head Huntsman."

My heart fell. Everyone was smiling and

BRIGGS by Graham



congratulating me. "How much?" I asked out of the corner of my mouth, and he whispered: "I don't think it can be less than 2,000 francs."

"Let's go and see the horses," I cried gaily, and when we were out of earshot, I said: "But we haven't got it!"

"I was going to get the oil in the car changed," said my husband sadly. "Now we shall have to leave it in the garage for a bit."

He had just finished tipping the Huntsman, when Comte de X rode up and said: "I hope you are pleased with your trophy, dear Madame. I shall be giving myself the pleasure of calling on you shortly."

We said we should be delighted, but my husband was still gloomy, for he loves his car above all things. It was missing badly on the way home and we spent the next half-hour blowing up our bicycle tyres.

The next problem was what to do with the Foot. As the Count had said, it was a trophy and the proper thing was, obviously, to mount it on a varnished shield with an inscription, and hang it in the hall. Instead we put it away in a drawer and waited for better times.

The better times had not arrived and we had almost forgotten about it when the Count telephoned to ask whether he might call on us during the following week.

"He'll expect to see the Foot!" cried my husband.

We rushed to the drawer. As soon as we opened it, we knew, because of the peculiar smell, that all was not as it should be. My husband drew the Foot out gingerly and there was no doubt about it: it was going the way of all flesh.

"We should have had it cured," he said mildly.

We put through a long-distance call to a taxidermist in Caen. "Has it been dead long?" he asked. We had no idea, for the whole affair of the origins of the stag, and the stag itself, seemed a little mysterious. Had it been shot during a hunt, or specially for the show? We hazarded a guess and the

Thoughts on receiving an invitation

by FRANCIS KINSMAN

Mrs. Jerome.

At Home,

On Saturday, the First of June, at six o'clock, for sherry—

The prospect isn't in the slightest degree merry,

For Mrs. J's. friends are eighty per cent lame-duck intellectuals,

And twenty per cent clay-feet ineffectuals,

And everybody will either be a has-been, or a can't-be, or a shouldn't-do-it-to-a-dog,

Or a fellow-traveller, travelling incog.

They will tell me they live entirely on yeast-extract and curds,

And that they consider wearing a tie to be too petty-bourgeois for words.

But to ensure survival,

I shall get drunk before arrival.

**Name necessitated by rhyme — no reference intended
to any living hostess!**

reader of detective stories, would have meant that we had committed a murder and were trying to conceal the corpse.

The day before Comte de X's visit, we emptied away the Formol and contemplated the Foot. It smelt just the same, and had shed nearly all the hair round the hoof. There was no time to be lost.

The car was working again, since a farmer had unexpectedly paid his rent. We opened the cigar-box where we keep available cash and counted it. "Sixty miles there and back,"

said my husband sadly. "And petrol just gone up another ten francs a litre."

We drove in silence to Caen and stopped at the taxidermist's shop. He had a fine stag's foot, all ready mounted on a shiny mahogany shield.

"We might as well have an inscription while we're about it," said my husband recklessly. "After all, it's a trophy." And there was enough change for us to have quite a nice ham sandwich each in lieu of lunch.



STOKES JOKES

NEXT WEEK:

Mary Macpherson

taxidermist said, "Much too late," in a cracked voice.

"There's only one thing to do," said my husband, who never gives up. "We must take it to Dr. Durand."

We wrapped the Foot in newspaper and fetched the last bottle of old calvados from the cellar, in case Dr. Durand should feel the Foot was not a proper case for him. Then we pedalled seven miles to the nearest town.

People rather edged away from us in the consulting room, but Dr. Durand is never surprised at anything and the calvados put him in a good mood at once. He took a long look at the Foot, sniffed it, and said: "I'm afraid there's not much hope, but we might try Formol."

He gave us a bottle—presumably in exchange for the calvados—and charged us for a consultation. We took the Foot home and put it to soak. After that, the house was pervaded by the sort of smell which, to any



THE FOUR WOMEN IN THE LORDS

Making history as they take their places in the House of Lords—the first women to sit there—are, from left to

right, Lady Swanborough, founder of the W.V.S., Lady Elliott, Lady Ravensdale and Lady Wootton of Abinger



History at the State Opening

by Audrey Russell

For the first time television records the State Opening of Parliament by the Queen. For the first time, too, women take their seats in the Upper House. And it's all a far cry from the day when two irate Duchesses laid siege to the House of Lords



B.B.C. commentator Audrey Russell has described Royal and State occasions on radio and TV for many years

THE decision to televise and broadcast the ceremony of the State Opening of Parliament has been cautiously welcomed in both Houses. The news was received with what is described as "a thoughtful cheer" in the Commons. There is no doubt, however, that millions will be delighted to be able, as were the people of Canada when the Queen opened Parliament in Ottawa last year, to follow the entire proceedings and to hear the Queen speak. For the first time the majority of us will see and hear a ceremony that previously has been described only by an onlooker in the past tense. A total of 14 TV cameras will be stationed at points along the route from Buckingham Palace. Two cameras will be used in the Royal Gallery and three in the Chamber itself.

As if this were not innovation enough for an assemblage that has resisted precedent for some six centuries, this year will also be marked by the presence of women taking their seats in the Upper Chamber for the first time. Of the 14 new peers created under the Life Peerages Bill, the four ladies have names already so well known that it will need an effort to get to know them by their new ones. Dame Katharine Elliot becomes Lady Elliot, Baroness Ravensdale, a peeress in her own right, has chosen the name Kedleston in memory of her father. The founder and chairman of the W.V.S., the Marchioness of Reading, becomes Baroness Swanborough of Swanborough, Sussex, and the brilliant Barbara Wootton will be known as Lady Wootton of Abinger.

The struggle by women to gain admittance to the House of Lords has taken 39 years longer than that which finally opened the doors of the House of Commons to them. Even now certain strong feelings may have to be stifled, for the other day a 62-year-old peer is reported to have said that he viewed the presence of women in the debating chamber with "unmitigated horror." However, we are used to this pattern of opinion. Even the Marquis Curzon, the father of Lady Ravensdale, was President of an Anti-Suffrage League. Speaking on an amendment to reject Women's Franchise in 1917,

Lord Curzon warned their Lordships that to introduce it would create "a vast, incalculable and almost catastrophic change." As leader of the Upper House, however, he did not vote against it.

Women have been skirmishing in (and out) of both Houses since 1428, when "Mistress Stokes and divers other stout women of London, well apparelled and of good account, went openly to the House of Lords to present a petition." The behaviour of ladies, as visitors or petitioners, has not always been exactly circumspect and this has periodically led to the banning of their entry altogether. An 18th-century beauty, the Duchess of Gordon, was once driven to the expedient of disguising herself as a man in order to hear her husband speak. Others with more militant ends in view were equally cunning in their efforts to hear a debate. For example, in 1738, when the House of Lords was closed "to all unnecessary auditors" a group of fashionable and emancipated ladies including two Duchesses resolved to show that there were two sides to that question.

"These heroines," as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu described them, "presented themselves at the door at nine in the morning to Sir William Sanderson . . . after modest refusals, he swore by G—he would not let them in. One of the Duchesses with a noble warmth answered by G—they would, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. From nine till five in the evening the Peeresses stood outside, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks and raps against the door with so much violence that the speakers could not be heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two Duchesses . . . commanded a dead silence for half an hour and the Chancellor, who thought this certain proof of their absence, ordered the door to be opened—upon which they all rushed in and placed themselves in the front row of the gallery."

Much attention has been focused on Parliamentary protocol, less thought has been given to the feelings of the Sovereigns who alone can summon, prorogue or dissolve



IN THE PAST mere glimpses of the Queen's smile as her coach arrives at Westminster. But this year radio and television will underline for millions the significance of the occasion

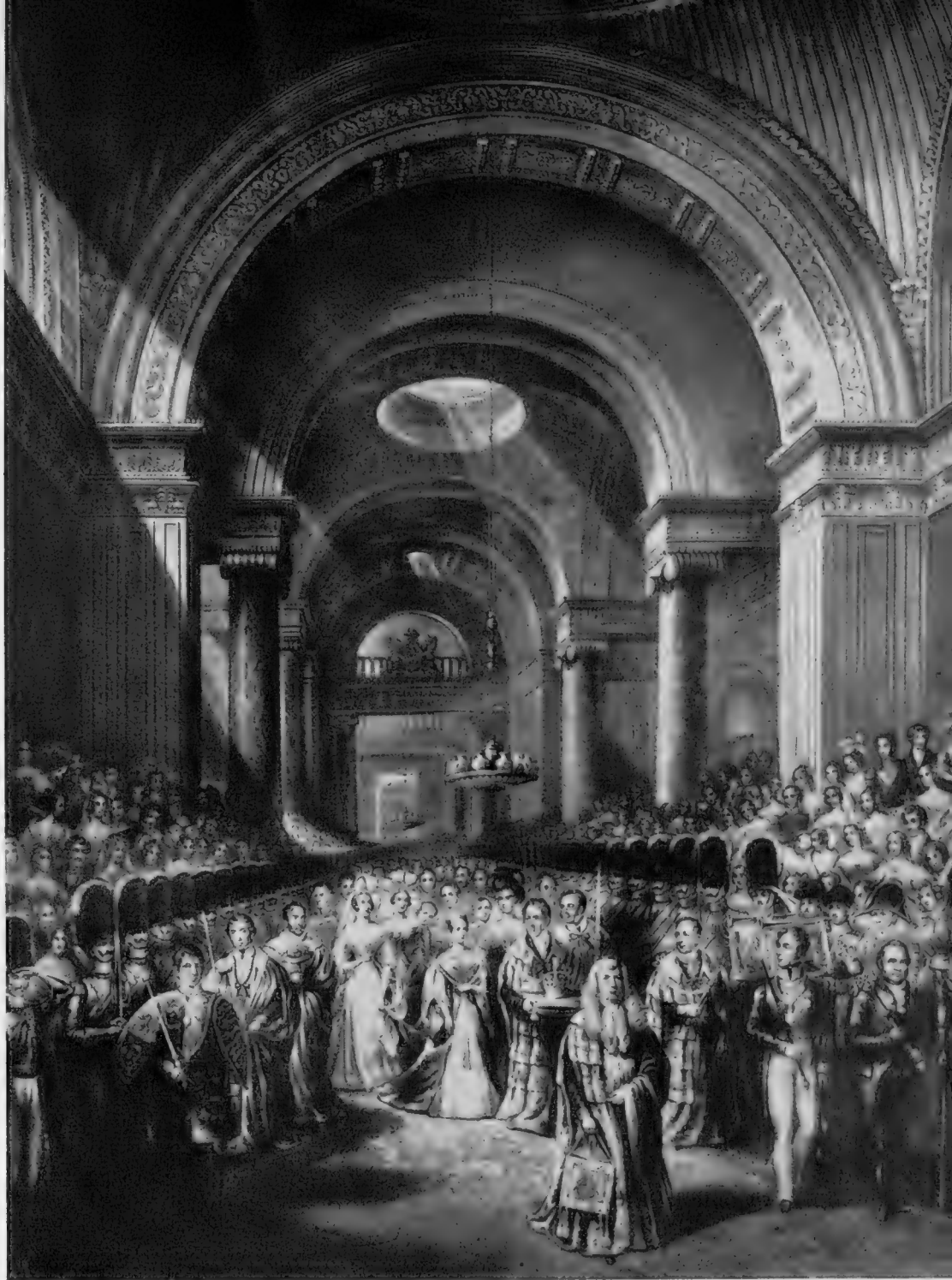
Parliament. Yet there is plenty of evidence that an Opening in State is a duty about which they feel strongly and some have had plenty to say about it. Queen Victoria hated making the Speech from the Throne. In 1840 she had an additional ordeal for she wrote to Prince Albert:

"I have to be careful not to catch cold before the 16th when I open Parliament in person. This is always a nervous proceeding and the announcement of my marriage at the beginning of the speech is a very nervous and awful affair for me. I have never failed and this is the sixth time I have done it and yet I am as frightened as if I had never done it before."

Her great-grandson, the Duke of Windsor, has written that his father, King George V, was of no worse ordeal than reading someone else's speech while balancing a 2½-lb. gold crown on his head. The Duke has made some humorous comments about the only occasion when he opened Parliament. It served to remind him of the figurehead-nature of the monarch's rôle, and in recalling the scene in the Upper Chamber he remembers principally the smell of mothballs and the tapping of his own heart.

The ceremony of the State Opening does not differ much from the order of procedure over 350 years ago when Queen Elizabeth I, magnificently dressed, rode on horseback to Westminster. Since that time, the Royal Speech has evolved from being a personal language by the Sovereign to a declaration of policy by the Sovereign's ministers.

Yet it is to be wondered how much the meaning of the occasion has been conveyed by tantalizing and incomplete glimpses, which are all we have had in the past, photographs or film of a golden coach driving the Queen in the early morning in evening dress to the Victoria Tower entrance of the House of Lords. Contrary to the doubts expressed, many believe that this year's sound and television coverage will underline the significance of the State Opening of Parliament, making a wide audience more keenly aware of the relationships between Lords and Commons, and Sovereign to Parliament.



Ordeal for Victoria

Headed by the Lord Chancellor the Royal procession moves along the great corridor of the House of Lords during the State Opening of Parliament in 1833. For the young Queen Victoria it is an ordeal barely made supportable by the presence of her "dear Lord Melbourne" (carrying the Sword of State). To Prince Albert, whom she was to marry in 1840, she wrote describing her nervousness before the "awful" prospect of the Speech from the Throne when she would announce her decision to marry. The burden became no lighter. In 1836, during her widowhood, she wrote to Lord Russell comparing the ceremony to an execution



FORTY YEARS ON

In 1918 TSAR NICHOLAS II died with his family at Ekaterinburg and the fall of the Romanoffs set the seal upon the Revolution and ended the glittering pageant of the Imperial court.

Forty years later, what has become of the exiled Russian nobles?

by PETER TOWNEND

FEW PEOPLE now remember that the Russian aristocracy before the Revolution was the richest and most powerful in Europe. Though 18 members of the Imperial House and hundreds of the nobility perished, the great Russian families were by no means wiped out, and thousands of refugees managed to escape from Russia in and after 1917. Russian communities were formed in all the Western capital cities. Paris (and France as a whole) received the largest, followed by New York, with London and Rome close behind.

In these communities two generations have grown up faithful to the old Russian traditions and religion. But no one under 50 can recall the pre-Revolution days and the younger people often speak Russian as a secondary language, or with an alien accent. They have become loyal citizens of their new surroundings, working and even dying for their adopted countries.

In the last war Captain Prince Dmitri Galitzine, South Wales Borderers, and Pilot Officer Prince Alexander Obolensky, R.A.F. ("Obo," the well-known rugby international) were killed in the service of Britain. Prince Youri Gagarine died for France in 1945, serving in the ranks of the 23rd Colonial Infantry. Count Peter Schouvaloff, who lives in California, was an officer in the U.S. Army, and Prince Timouraz Bagration (a second cousin of the Duchess of Kent) was commissioned in the Royal Yugoslav forces. Another Obolensky, Prince Dmitri, was murdered by the Gestapo in Germany in 1945.

A large percentage of the exiles marry into the same aristocratic families as their ancestors before them, partly because these are the only Russians available for marriage and also because of the strong influence of the Orthodox religion. Marriages outside that religion (and there are quite a number to Americans) are often unsuccessful—but while the Orthodox Church is tolerant towards divorce, its practices are so assimilating that converts become fanatically devout. At least three of the later Tsarinas are noticeable examples of this.

Wherever Russians forgather the House of Romanoff is remembered. Many support the Grand Duke Vladimir, the present Pretender to the throne (who lives in Madrid with his wife and four-year-old daughter). But it is a portrait of Tsar Nicholas II which

is usually displayed, as if time had stood still since 1917.

Incidentally, it is intriguing to contemplate what would have happened had there been no Revolution, as the young Tsarevitch was suffering from what was then incurable haemophilia, and the Tsar's brother (the Grand Duke Michael) had married a twice-divorced commoner. The Tsar's two sisters still survive. The Grand Duchess Xenia, 82 and frail, has lived for many years in a modest grace-and-favour house at Hampton Court Palace, while the Grand Duchess Olga, 76, and her husband Colonel Nicholas Koulikovsky, after farming in Denmark between the wars, emigrated to Canada in 1948. They have made a new life for themselves at Cooksville, a residential suburb of Toronto.

Titles were first introduced into Russia by Peter the Great, who also decreed that all persons in the service of the State occupying a certain rank, and all officers in the army and navy, acquired by right hereditary nobility. Hence the multiplicity of Russian nobles. The Emperor Paul commenced an official Armoury for inscribing their arms.

The nobles were divided into grades (though they enjoyed equal privileges), so there were the great princely families of

Galitzine, Troubetzkoy, Obolensky, Dolgorouky, Gagarine, Wolkonsky, Mestchersky; the countly families of Cheremeteff, Woronzow-Daschkow, Bobrinskoy and Tolstoy; barons such as Korff and Taube; and untitled families like Narishkine, Lopoukhine and Rodzianko. Representatives of these families are scattered all over the world today and have varied occupations—not always as waiters and taxi-drivers, as the theatre and cinema would have us believe!

Their aptitude for languages (a well-known Russian trait) has made them eligible for professorships at universities—for example Prince Dmitri Obolensky at Oxford, and Prince Peter Urusov at Washington, D.C. Prince Kyrrill Toumanoff, Professor of History at Georgetown University, Washington, is the author of the chapter on the Byzantine and Caucasian civilizations for the *Cambridge Medieval History*.

Prince Grigori Gagarine, graduate of Louvain University, is an electrical engineer and a doctor of biology. Count Vladimir Apraxine studied at the Royal School of Mines in London and is a mining engineer in the Belgian Congo. Prince Yurka Galitzine is an international public-relations consultant, and Prince Serge Obolensky (who married the American heiress, Alice Astor) has been as successful with his New York hotels as was the late Prince Vladimir Galitzine, who ran a Fine Arts gallery in London.

In the even younger generation there is Count Peter Cheremeteff (26) who studied at architectural school in Paris. Prince Dmitri Schakhovskoy (24) is a student at the School of Oriental Languages there.

What of those who remained in Russia? Relatives have only occasional scanty news through the International Red Cross. Count Paul Cheremeteff and his wife (née Princess Prascovia Obolensky) both died near Moscow as recently as 1942. Their son, Vassili, born in 1923, served with the Soviet forces in the last war but has not been heard of since 1948. Prince Dmitri Sviatopolk-Mirsky, a brilliant Russian scholar and lecturer at London University (he wrote several books in English on Russian literature) suddenly decided in the late 1920s to return to his former country. He was at first received with open arms and given a post at Moscow University, but died in exile in Siberia.



A CLOSED DOOR symbolizes the end of an era. Two men guard the room where Lenin and Trotsky frame their first decrees in a palace in Petrograd, once imperial St. Petersburg and soon to be renamed Leningrad

Luncheon for the year's top women



Desmond O'Neill
Top: Countess Attlee (she spoke at the luncheon at the Savoy Hotel) and the Marchioness of Lothian received the guests

Top: Miss M. Marriott, president of the Royal College of Nursing and Matron of Middlesex Hospital, and fashion designer Miss Sybil Connolly

Top: Miss Hilda Harding. She is Britain's first woman bank manager

Bottom: Pianist Irene Scharrer, Miss Virginia Graham (Mrs. A. Thesiger) and Miss Joyce Grenfell who also spoke at the luncheon

Bottom: Viscountess Kilmuir, the Begum Ikramullah (wife of the High Commissioner for Pakistan) and Baroness Ravensdale

Bottom: Mrs. Odette Hallows, G.C., with Miss Edana Romney, the film and television actress

New Zealanders honour a guest



Mr. R. M. Campbell, deputy High Commissioner for New Zealand, with his wife. They were hosts at the party



Lt.-Gen. Lord Norrie (former Governor-General of New Zealand) with Lady Marsden and her husband, Sir Ernest Marsden



The Hon. C. M. Woodhouse, Director-General of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, and his wife Lady Davina Woodhouse



Dr. G. A. Currie, Vice-Chancellor of the University of New Zealand (the party was given in his honour) with Lady Norrie



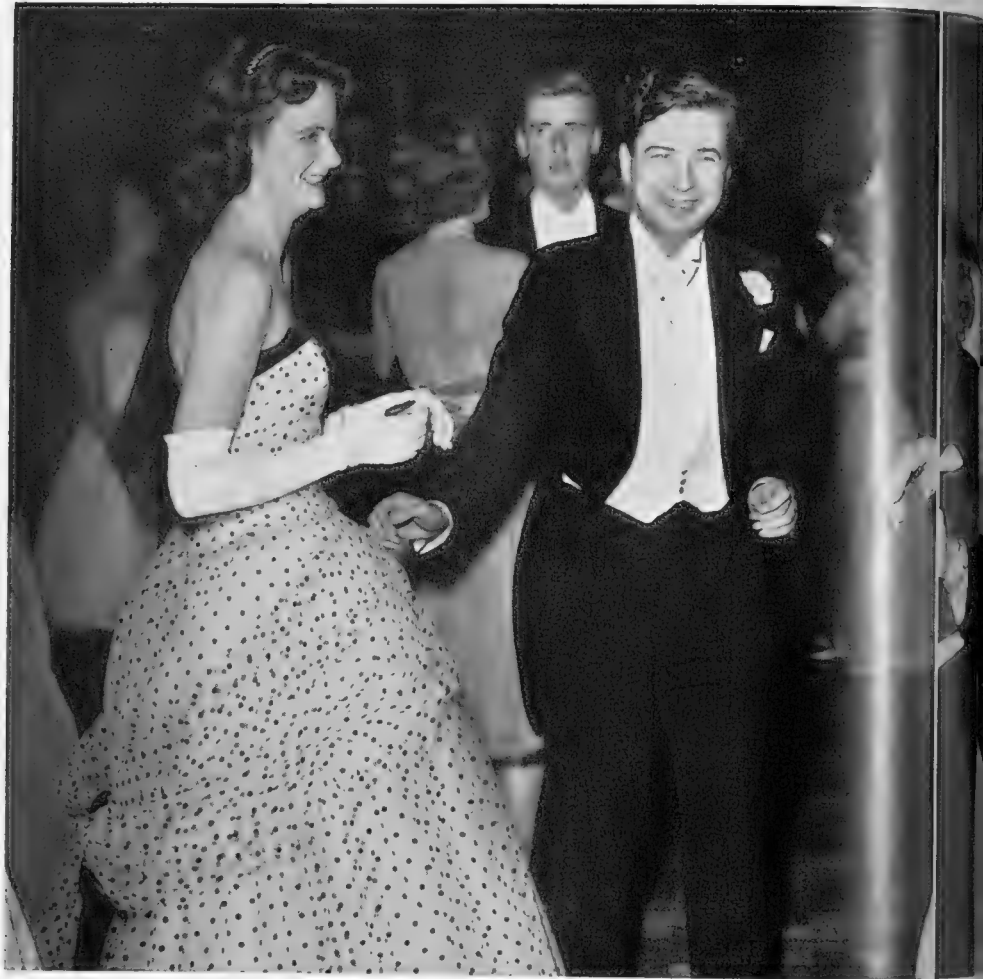
THE
TATLER

AT MERCERS' HALL IN THE CITY



Lady Hayter, Mrs. Dupree and Mrs. Christopher Hayter with Miss Theresa Hayter, Mrs. Dupree and Miss De...

Goes dancing



Miss Zia Foxwell and Mr. Arthur Hohler

AND A PARTY AT THE DORCHESTER

Miss Diana Wood for whom the dance at the Dorchester was given, her brother, Mr. G. Wood and her mother, Mrs. C. Wood



Miss Sally O'Rourke with Mr. Michael Davidson-Houston. Two bands provided the music



A milk bar was a feature (below) are Miss Joan...





dance. Above: Sir William & Lady Hayter
& Mrs. C. Hohler with Miss Olga Hohler



Miss Belinda Bucknill and Mr. David
Wingfield



Miss Lavinia Napier with Mr. George
Gater



Miss R. McKay and Mr. Myles Wells



Miss Georgina Milner and Mr. Andrew Palmer

A. V. Swaabe

ce. At
D. Ow...

Miss Sandra Farley and Mr. Peter Radford
were among the many guests

Miss Anne Coulman and Mr. Peter Govett
talking together between dances

Van Hallan





THREE FANTASTICS who help to make Valmouth the Never-Never Land it is. The lady of prey (Fenella Fielding), the romantic masseuse with sinister overtones (Bertice Reading), and her daughter who is married to a sailor (Maxine Daniels)

THEATRE

A sister piece for "The Boy Friend"

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

RONALD FIRBANK is known now, if at all, only as a legend, but in the 30s some half a dozen of his novels were the talk of the literary cafés. They described with a delicately indelicate wit a mad little world which seemed the natural projection of a bizarre, pathetically gay, hilariously mischievous personality. Firbank was master of the outrageous jest which, if accepted in terms of its own invariable good humour, became harmlessly diverting, and it was this virtuosity that made it possible for him—a convert to Catholicism—to poke wild fun at his adopted church without ever getting into serious trouble. How odd that the author of *The Boy Friend* should be moved to turn one of these forgotten novels, *Valmouth*, into a musical comedy! This is what Mr. Sandy Wilson has had the temerity to do; and he has done the job with such thoroughness, pep and confidence that audiences at the Lyric, Hammersmith, find themselves neck-deep in esoteric Firbankisms and seem to relish the strange experience.

There is nothing sham about this adaptation. No adaptation could well be bolder. It uses as much as possible of Firbank's dialogue and sticks reasonably close (until the rather dreadful conventional musical comedy ending) to his theme, which is the seduction of innocence by experience. It is surprising how theatrically effective the discursive, witty chatter turns out, and how recognizable are the more striking characters of the fantasy. The plot, of course, is almost indescribable. In so far as it exists, it centres on the oldest

and richest of the voluptuous ladies who, thanks to the wonderful air of Valmouth, are able to keep into almost mythical old age the romantic foolishness of their youth. Mrs. Hurstpierpoint's voluptuousness takes the form of religious zeal. She has been for a few minutes the mistress of a king, a sin she cherishes the memory of for the delicious feeling of remorse it still gives her. Whenever there is a thunderstorm she lives in dread of being struck down by lightning, and it is to remove this periodical fear that she hopes to win a soul for the church.

The dusky daughter of the local masseuse has married with Eastern rites the son of one of Mrs. Hurstpierpoint's cronies, and while she is waiting rather anxiously for the dashing captain to come home from sea and re-marry her in his own church she is delivered of a child. The captain's mother, who hopes that her son will never come home or will bring with him a white bride, is annoyed by the occurrence, but Mrs. Hurstpierpoint sees it as a sign from heaven and makes the black child more or less her own. She has had such poor luck with grown-up infidels, and here is a little infidel she can make certain of converting. When the captain rather surprisingly returns to claim his bride a highly unorthodox cardinal is brought in to perform the ceremony, but after

singing a fantastically funny flamenco tribute to his cathedral as a place "ritzier" than all the Ritz Hotels of Europe the church dignitary is, alas, excommunicated for having among other flagrant unorthodoxies christened a dog in a church. Whereupon fire from heaven descends on Valmouth and destroys all the eccentrics and posturers, leaving only the romantics to escape to primitive and everlasting bliss on a South Sea island.

Let us call this the plot, the framework that holds the witty chatter and the satirical lyrics together, but the theme of the play, the seducing of innocence by experience, is the real framework of the scattered absurdities. The orchidaceous Lady Parvula de Panzoust is a single-minded lady in a dozen versions of the hobble skirt. She has set her mind on a simple shepherd and shamelessly pursues him. The reluctant shepherd is as reluctant as can be, but Lady Parvula is also as persistent as can be; and the outcome is never really in doubt. This lady's mania is shared on a humbler social level by Grannie Tooke's daughter. She dolefully learns that sailors are not to be trusted, just as the intrepid sailor's devoted lieutenant learns that a beautiful friendship at sea cannot survive the devastating effect of a land-bound woman's bright eyes.

Mr. Wilson's lyrics are with one or two exceptions clever rather than catchy, but he gives Miss Bertice Reading some exuberantly tuneful numbers and the tellingly nostalgic duet "I Will Miss You" which Miss Reading shares with the ardent Miss Doris Hare. The gusto of Miss Reading's performance is well enough sustained almost to conceal the fact that she lacks the sophistication proper to Mrs. Yaj, who has magic in her fingers and many unlawful extensions to her professed business as a masseuse and chiropodist. Miss Barbara Couper catches the Firbankian efflorescence of the religious Mrs. Hurstpierpoint; Miss Betty Hardy deftly hints at the frustrations of her "plump placidish" friend Mrs. Thoroughfare; and Miss Fenella Fielding stalks her shepherd with the comic concentration of a lovely and lithe Siamese cat. Mr. Peter Gilmore sings the shepherd's innocence of heart with calm resonance, and Mr. Geoffrey Dunn is deliciously absurd as the lunatic cardinal. Mr. Tony Walton adds his own touch of virtuosity by designing scenery which suggests that the fresh green English meadows are on the point of changing their nature and turning tropical.



GRANNIE TOOKE, a local character much bothered by her children's strange behaviour, is played by Doris Hare

Launching the Moltzau collection

Members of the Contemporary Art Society attended a party to celebrate the opening at the Tate Gallery of the Moltzau Collection belonging to Scandinavian shipping magnate Mr. Ragnar Moltzau, of Oslo, one of the most important private collections of modern art. More than 600 guests saw the 103 paintings previously shown at Edinburgh. Beginning with Cezanne, Renoir and Gauguin, and including works by artists of the post-abstract school, the collection provides a panorama of 20th-century French art.



Mr. & Mrs. Ragnar Moltzau of Oslo, the owners of the collection. The painting is Picasso's *Seated Woman*—Mr. Moltzau's favourite



Mr. & Mrs. Villiers Bergne (he is an oil company public relations officer)

Mr. and Mrs. L. Denny with their daughter Miss Jennifer Denny. Mr. Denny is a Scottish shipbuilder



Miss Elizabeth Leathes (she is at St. Andrew's University) with Mr. John Rydon



Sir John Rothenstein (director of the Tate Gallery) and Mr. Charles Laughton



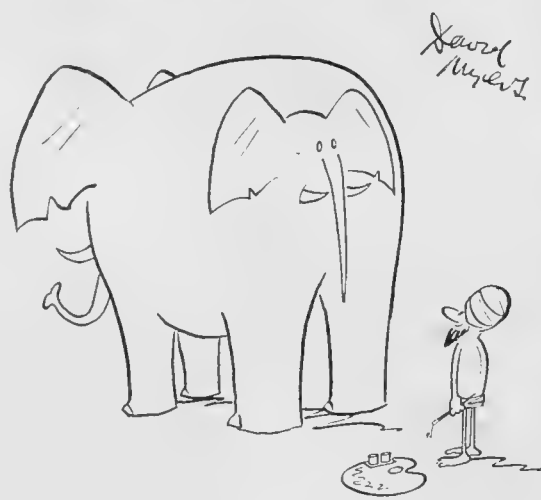
Desmond O'Neill

M. E. de Margeria (second secretary at the French Embassy) and Mme. R. Pinay



Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas Davenport. The painting is *Trouville* by Raoul Dufy

Smile spot



David Myer



Wmilly



Bland

"Shave!"

RECORDS

Cool prophets from the States

by GERALD LASCELLES

THE COLD WAR is waged on a broadish front in jazz, starting on the West Coast of America and working progressively eastwards. Among the coolest are the Kenny Dorham Jazz Prophets, whose H.M.V. release provides ample opportunity to study some interesting soloists in the modern idiom. Trumpeter Dorham and tenor-man Jack Montrose exchange fairly liberal ideas in the space of four long but conventional tracks.

By contrast the Jazz Lab Quintet, under the aegis of Don Byrd and Gigi Gryce, plays with greater rhythmic urge, and throws in for good measure the singing of modernist Jackie Paris. The latter has been hailed by some as an important figure in the coming jazz generation, but I must admit that I have so far failed to find anything intrinsically new in his work. He adopts a boppish wordless style reminiscent of the famous Gaillard/Stewart *Opera in Voot* recorded more than ten years ago. The perspective offered by the Quintet is, in some ways, as limited in scope as the intriguingly titled *Know Your Jazz* series, edited for H.M.V. by Creed Taylor. To date three E.P.s in this series have emerged in an attempt to convince all and sundry that the modern jazz idiom is no more complicated or hidebound than the earlier dictum on which we old-fashioned critics like to pin our faith. Despite some worthwhile solos, I remain unconvinced.

In the tepid sphere two remarkably accomplished brothers, Stu and Claude Williamson, have something to say. Both emerged from the West Coast school which fed some of its best men into the bands of Stan Kenton and Woody Herman in the early postwar period. Stu blows a trumpet with mean economy, whereas Claude has verbosity at his finger tips in his piano solos. Their London L.P. is a better combination than Claude's piano excursions with the Bud Shank Quartet on Vogue.

The recent appearance of Oscar Pettiford in the *Jazz at Carnegie Hall* concert tour reminds me of a lively big band record released by H.M.V. during the summer. My only concert hearing of Pettiford was

marred by the defection of his double bass amplifier—he nevertheless proved his technique and tried to impart swing into some impossible musical situations. Many of the pieces and arrangements were written by altoist Gigi Gryce, and the big band sound embraces many Basie thoughts and ideas.

Once upon a time the waltz was regarded as the most risqué of ballroom dances. After a century or two the public's ear, and its mood, became attuned to the lilting swing of the 3/4 tempo as a dance rhythm, and abandoned it in the quest for unconventional dances like the Charleston, Big Apple and other four-beat hops. Reversing the cycle, Max Roach leads his group from behind the drum kit through an entire session of waltzes, calculated to make Johann Strauss turn in his grave; there is, admittedly, no plagiarism in this curious session, but neither is there a means to an end. The jazz beat is not 3/4, and no amount of slick and interesting drumming can turn it into jazz. The result is an aural sleight of hand, amusing to the point of wit, which I commend to those who have time and money to spare.

SELECTED RECORDS

| | | |
|-----------------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| OSCAR PETTIFORD | Pettiford In Hi-Fi 12-in. L.P. | H.M.V. CLP1171 £1 15s. 10d. |
| MAX ROACH | Jazz In 3/4 Time 12-in. L.P. | Emarcy EJL1282 £1 15s. 10d. |
| KENNY DORHAM | The Jazz Prophets 10-in. L.P. | H.M.V. DLP1184 £1 7s. 10d. |
| BUD POWELL | The Genius Of Bud Powell E.P. | Columbia SEB10094 11s. 10d. |
| MAX KAMINSKY | Go Go Go! E.P. | MGM-EP-656 11s. 1½d. |
| EDDIE DAVIS | "Lockjaw" E.P. | Parlophone GEP8685 11s. 1½d. |



HART

CINEMA

Brigitte is barely enough

by ELSPETH GRANT

AS ONE WHO seems to spend roughly the third of a lifetime reading the credit titles on films, I am utterly mystified that some of the films I see ever get made at all. Surely, among the hordes of people involved, there must be somebody who could say in firm tones at the outset that it simply will not do. From the gentleman known as "Clappers" one can, of course, expect nothing but sycophantic applause. I really don't know on whom one can pin one's hopes for a reduction in the output of unnecessary films: "Boom operator," perhaps. He sounds like a forceful character capable of sweeping an unsound project overboard. Anyway, *something* should be done. *Love Is My Profession* has any *raison d'être* it would appear to be to allow Mlle. Brigitte Bardot to go just about as far as she can. We are accustomed to seeing her at various stages of undress—and now, given the dubious pleasure of seeing her momentarily completely in the nude (in my view, I need hardly tell you). In my opinion, a spot of nudity is not enough. It is, in the first place, a good story and it is, though said to be based on a book by Georges Simenon—is squalid, jerky and unpersuasive.

Brigitte Bardot, a Paris tart, is in trouble with the police for having whacked an old woman over the head with a blunt instrument when interrupted in the process of robbing a jeweller. She goes to see famous lawyer M. Jean Gabin in his office, exposes her underpinnings to him and thus induces him to undertake her defence in court. He wins the case but loses his heart to Mlle. Bardot. This is nearly as distressing for his wife, Mme. Edwige Feuillère, as it is to me to find this divine actress playing second fiddle to anybody, let alone a (can I bring myself to say it?) "sex kitten."

Installed by the besotted M. Gabin in an agreeable apartment, Mlle. Bardot does not reserve her favours for him. Though M. Gabin has good reason to feel murderous, it is, in fact, one of her other lovers who stabs her to death. Just why, I can't think, as she has just made him a present of a luscious pullover *pour le* winter sports. Oh, well! It's not worth worrying about.

For what type of audience, I wonder, is *She Didn't Say No* designed? Its setting is a village in Ireland and its central figure is a good-natured woman (Miss Eileen Herlie, not ideally cast) whose trusting nature and romantic notions have made her the unmarried mother of six children by four different fathers: it tells how one of these four rascals (Mr. Niall MacGinnis) tricks the

other three into providing for Miss Herlie and her brood—and very cosy and whimsy and quirky it all is, to be sure, if that's phwat ye're after. Fifteen-year-old Miss Ann Dickins gives a trenchant performance as Miss Herlie's film-struck daughter and everybody spakes wid a brogue will curdle

Bell, book
and candle

Kim Novak partners
James Stewart in the new
film of the Broadway hit
by John Van Druten



the milk of human-kindness in annywan wid an ear for the language. Otherwise the film seems to me as forgettable as it is harmless.

As Mr. Jerry Lewis produced *Rock-a-Bye Baby* himself, presumably he thought it a funny piece—but, as is often the case when comedians are not advised or will not be advised by some impartial party, he is deceived. Just as shooting on an epic entitled "The White Virgin of the Nile" is about to begin, its glamorous star, Miss Marilyn Maxwell, discovers she is pregnant. The film is postponed in order that she may go away and in strictest secrecy give birth to three girl babies.

It seems to her a good idea to leave the

triplets on the doorstep of her childhood boy friend, Mr. Jerry Lewis—an amiable but goofy small-town bachelor. From here on all is feeding-bottles, nappies, cradle-rocking, and gossiping neighbours' speculations and suspicions. It's all highly predictable—down to the umpteenth time Mr. Lewis crosses his eyes in an effort (wasted on me) to raise a laugh.

The one film I can warmly recommend this week is a modest British piece, *The Man Upstairs*, skilfully directed for growing tension by Mr. Don Chaffey. Mr. Alun Falconer, who wrote the screenplay, has something to say that is worth saying and he says it with refreshing directness and without sentimentality.

The setting is an apartment house in London. In the top room a man (Mr. Richard Attenborough) who is clearly labouring under some agonizing mental stress wakes in the cold early hours of the morning. He tries to light the gasfire but cannot. He goes to the floor below to ask a

young artist (Mr. Charles Houston) for help. Mr. Houston is entertaining a girl-friend and can't be bothered. A fussy little man (Mr. Kenneth Griffith), roused by the noise, approaches Mr. Attenborough who, looking desperate and distraught, strikes him and rushes back to his room. Mr. Griffith telephones the police.

In no time, everybody in the house has been roused and each of the occupants has his or her own idea as to what should be done to Mr. Attenborough. The local Mental Welfare Officer (Mr. Donald Houston) and the police, headed by an inspector (Mr. Bernard Lee), arrive. While trying to persuade Mr. Attenborough to come down quietly, a police sergeant is pushed off the stairs and seriously injured. Though Mr. Houston insists that Mr. Attenborough is sick, wrathful Mr. Lee persists in regarding him as a dangerous criminal—and soon all the awful paraphernalia for coping with his kind (tear-gas, searchlights, the fire engine, and pistols) are brought into play.

The chance that Mr. Attenborough may be driven to suicide is one Mr. Lee is willing to take. It is only through the humane concerted action of Mr. Attenborough's neighbours that tragedy is averted. All the characters are well observed. A good picture.

THIS WEEK'S FILMS

LOVE IS MY PROFESSION—Brigitte Bardot, Jean Gabin, Edwige Feuillère. Directed by Claude Autant-Lara. "X" Certificate.

SHE DIDN'T SAY NO—Eileen Herlie, Niall MacGinnis, Eithne Dunne, Ann Dickins. Directed by Cyril Frankel.

ROCK-A-BYE BABY—Jerry Lewis, Marilyn Maxwell, Reginald Gardiner, Baccaloni, Connie Stevens. Directed by Frank Tashlin.

THE MAN UPSTAIRS—Richard Attenborough, Bernard Lee, Donald Houston, Dorothy Alison, Patricia Jessel. Directed by Don Chaffey.

STANLEY
PARKER
DRAWS

Robin Maugham

The Man With Two Shadows (Longman's) is the title of Robin Maugham's latest book. It could also be a description of the author. As Viscount Maugham, he lives in a little white house in Seaton Street, Chelsea, and belongs to Eton, Cambridge, the County of London Yeomanry and the Bar. As Robin Maugham, he works in a Brunswick Terrace flat in Brighton, drawing his plots and characters from many lands and many classes of society. His parties are apt to go on for days at a time but when there is a book, film script or play to be written he will cut out even a glass of beer. He describes himself as an impoverished peer. But without bitterness



BOOKS I AM READING

The women hypnotize me

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

MOST OF THE books I have been reading this week are written by women. No longer is there anything the slightest bit remarkable in this—it is not necessary to adopt a man's pen-name and make a hazardous, exhausting journey to London to alarm and astound your unsuspecting publisher. England expects that every woman will this day, or possibly tomorrow, start writing a novel, or a journal, or a first-rate semi-fictional biography of a Roman emperor. The odd thing is that reviewers still continue to remark in a manner that mingles tolerance, qualified admiration, and a sort of long-suffering celestial patience, "This book could never have been written by a man."

And, after all, a good thing too, otherwise why should women go to all that trouble? The fact remains that some women write good books and some do not, rather in the same way as men. Women often think and

write like women whereas men often think and write like men, and the more I try the less I can see what all the fuss is about, unless it has something to do with the fact that some men persist in regarding women writers in the light of Dr. Johnson's "dog walking on its hinder legs."

Mary Renault's *The King Must Die* (Longman's, 16s.) is an amazing, hypnotic book that starts slowly and quietly and has you staggering about in a state of trance in no time at all; a witchcraft of a book. It is a long, deep dream of Theseus, told in the fashionable first person singular, taking his life from childhood until his flight from Naxos. It is a compelling feat of imagination, never slackening, beautifully, simply written, and creating a powerful, ominous climate, shadowed by fate and the terrible and mysterious demands of the gods. It begins in sunlight, and moves into darkest night-

mare with the Labyrinth episodes in Crete. It also accomplishes successfully the most difficult trick in the book—a story written by a woman and convincingly told in the person of a man. It is a gorgeous rarity, a book that aims at a remote and almost impossible target and hits it in the gold.

Miss Renault spins real nightmares out of rituals imposed by dead gods. Mrs. Penelope Mortimer does the same in the case of dying people—dying slowly but still most horribly kicking. *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting* (Michael Joseph, 18s. 6d.) is a skillful, lucid, tenderly cruel dissection of pain and emotional paralysis, as fearful as the spectacle of a deft surgeon weeping into his exquisite ferocious snipping and murmuring, "This hurts me every bit as much as it would you if you weren't already unconscious."

The book—which is, I think, really an extended novella—is a study of a stone-cold, successful, walled-off zombie-community of rich commuters and their bright, desperate wives, killing time busily before it kills them. The full-length, sympathetic, foreground figure is a woman who is still (the word of doom) young. She begins to realize that her life is a trap, her activity meaningless, her family strangers, and she starts to go gently out of her mind. Everything on the outside is smartly painted and bright as a pin, everything inside is a long silent scream; rather as though Webster had suddenly taken a hand with women's magazine fiction, or Francis

Bacon had started painting pretty enamelled duchesses for the Academy, who yelled behind the glass. The book is also from time to time funny, in unnerving bursts of gallows-humour; a domestic night of the long knives, required reading for those innocents who still believe lady-novelists are all cosy little rogues in peek-a-boo *peignoirs*.

Christine Brooke-Rose, the author of *The Sycamore Tree* (Secker and Warburg, 16s.), her second novel, is a puzzle and a card. She is a poet and a serious literary critic. The jacket mysteriously describes her interest in languages and criticism as "hobbies," and shows her gazing up out of a coat-collar in the manner of a silent-film vamp accepting a cigarette. *The Sycamore Tree* is a clever, shiny, sexy romp around the London literary racket, sometimes, unexpectedly, as solemnly breathless and beauty-conscious as a lipstick ad., and I bet Miss Brooke-Rose could do better next term if she tried harder. At first I thought the jacket (a plump, panting girl in purple) was going to be thoroughly misleading and not at all the author's style; by the end, I was a good deal less.

I have also been reading *I, Anastasia* (Michael Joseph, 21s.), a melancholy, fascinating—and surely best-selling—autobiography by the sad middle-aged sick woman in a hut in the Black Forest who is now appealing against a ruling in the German courts that she is not in fact the youngest daughter of the last Tsar of Russia. It is flatly written in drab colours, and the early reminiscences are disappointingly vague and hazy, but the book has all the irresistible appeal of one of the great historic disappearance-mysteries that may be never solved. And by any reckoning, even if the author is not the real Anastasia, her life has been simple and full of a tormented, angry dignity. . . . *A Book Of Love*, compiled by John Rodfield (Edward Hulton, 25s.), an anthology of poems, prose snippets and pictures as glossy as those amazing edifices of asphalt that appear at cookery exhibitions and are not really intended for eating. Everything is lavish, including the empty white paper at the bottom of short poems, and nothing is too difficult or demanding. I am not myself addicted to anthologies of this nature, but there are only about another one and a half shopping months to Christmas and perhaps it's nice to be on the safe side (one might of course take a look at Walter De La Mare's crammed, amazing anthology on the same subject). . . . *Madeleine And The Bad Hat* (André Deutsch, 15s.) which is another Bemelman's saga about the fearless heroine of France, the smallest of the Twelve Little Girls in Two Straight Lines, who is here found taming the unbiddable son of the Spanish Ambassador. Madeleine is her superb spirited self, and Mr. Bemelman's dashing views of Paris as full of verve and fire as ever, with this time what seems to me a growing debt to, you'll never guess, Van Gogh. . . . and *Pin A Rose On Me*, by Josephine Blumenfeld (Heinemann, 13s. 6d.), a well-bred, mildly gay, mildly self-conscious diary kept by a lady with grandchildren, artistic poetry-loving children, a dear funny little Peke called Fanny, and an eye kept determinedly skinned for dear funny little events. Rather like a cup of weak English tea of impeccable, traditional blend.

Engagements



Lady Rosemary Villier to Mr. Richard H. J. Steel: She is the daughter of the late Lord Hyde and of Lady Hyde. He is the son of Sir Christopher & Lady Steel



Miss Rosamund A. Lee to Mr. Ian Campbell: She is the only daughter of Mr. & the late Mrs. R. Lee, Shaw House, Tarporley, Cheshire. He is the second son of Dr. & Mrs. P. A. Campbell, Deansfield, Tarporley

Miss Diana Timpson to Mr. John Fordham: She is the daughter of Lt.-Colonel & Mrs. Theodore Timpson, Sydney Street, London, S.W.3. He is the younger son of Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Fordham, Odsey, Ashwell, Herts



Miss Jennifer M. Govan to Mr. John P. Lusty: She is the eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. M. Govan of Rosevale, Birling Road, Tunbridge Wells. He is the elder son of Mr. & Mrs. J. D. Lusty, The Linnets, Frinton-on-Sea



Miss Beverley Halford to Mr. Gerald Miesegaes: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Cecil Halford, The Mill House, Broughton, Hants. He is the son of Mr. Robert Miesegaes of Monte Carlo, and of Mrs. Elizabeth Kiutoff



Miss Diana Muckerman to Mr. Charles D. Cubitt: She is the only daughter of the late Mr. L. I. Muckerman, & of Mrs. Byrnee Muckerman, of Park Avenue, New York. He is the son of Major & Mrs. Cyril Cubitt, Edge of the Hill, Crowthorne, Berks

H A T S . .

IN PARIS *they take on
the duties of a wig*

Sophisticated—always decorative—the Paris hats are almost wig-like, completely covering the hair with an effect which can either broaden or heighten the face. Pierre Balmain's cap (*left*) with massed aigrettes rising from a black velvet bandeau gives an impression of the "tall" look.

Chopped and stripped black cock feathers give a barbaric dervish look to the wearer of Svend's toque (*below, left*) which is the height of the season's chic.

Svend uses masses of beige and white stripped ostrich fronds for his feathered helmet (*below*). This hat can be bought in London from Madame Vernier.

Photographs by Michel Molinare



IN LONDON *they are shaggy*
with a touch of the pagan

Look once, look again in the mirror at Simone Mirman's creation. London shows more hair, but ostrich plumes make the link with Paris. Here they are chopped to indiscriminate lengths to obtain the necessary shaggy, pagan look and massed on a black velvet pill-box, worn straight on the head.



THE LONDON

HATS (cont.)

*For the cocktail hour a hat
should, ideally, be light,
comfortable to wear and need
no adjusting once put on.
And London, like Paris,
takes care of that hair
problem by covering it up*

For six
o'clock
chic

Muted turquoise feathers frame the face in a cloche created by Simone Mirman (top right). The hat is given its fashionable height by the clever use of a band of turquoise velvet which is tied in a tiny bow at the back. Mme. Vernier's circlet of huge-spotted black tulle also frames the face and is topped by a flat, wide black velvet bow highlighted with a jewelled pendant



Now team your fez with a fur

The fur great-coat reappears and black Persian lamb remains one of the most popular furs in town. But for those who love the luxury of a soft-textured, long-haired fur, fitch is an exciting, not-so-obvious choice



Winter luxury in black Persian Lamb with a contrasting collar of wild mink. This full-length coat by the National Fur Co., Brompton Road, is worn with Simone Mirman's high-hat fez made of the same fur and trimmed with a bow



Michel Molinare

This seven-eighths fitch coat made of skins with particularly dark markings by Bradley's has a wide cape-collared collar and loose-fitting sleeves. Worn with Mme. Vernier's hat of mushroom-coloured swansdown trimmed with apricot velvet ribbon

HIGH FASHION

IN FURS

Paris

In Paris furs are influenced, as much as garments made of any other material, by fashion changes. Furs with contrasting textures are wedded together and the lines that made news in tailored top-coats and suits are seen translated into the familiar as well as the less easily recognisable skins. From the important, provocative collection of Lanvin-Castillo we show two of today's examples. The great-coat of golden coloured Brazilian otter (*right*) with collar and inner sleeves of toning mutation mink, has the slotted-through belt, the rounded shoulders and cuffless sleeves, all adding up to the bulky look that is unquestionably autumn 1958. The suit in black broadtail (*left*) with black mink collar and hem, follows the line of many of the cloth suits shown by this House. Wide neckline, drawstring waisted jacket, the cuffless three-quarter sleeves, the narrow skirt barely covering the knee, are all points to be noted if you wish to be in the *avant garde* of fur fashion.

Photographs by
Michel Molinare



translates the trends





IT COULD BE
FOR YOU IF . . .

The high-waisted look



... IS YOUR CHOICE FOR A TOWN AUTUMN

For those who live in Edinburgh it will be easy enough to visit Jenners in Princes Street to see their fine array of attractive clothes and accessories—a selection of which are shown on these pages. For those who don't, the firm provides an excellent postal service. Ideal for Edinburgh—or any other city—the high-waisted suit (right) is in a brown hairy tweed, flecked with grey and blue colours. The neckline is wide and the little jacket ties at the waist. The skirt is straight with a gathering on the hips. By The price £25 19s. 6d. The high-crowned shoes cost £14 19s. 6d., the gilt ear-rings £10s., and the mushroom-coloured cape gloves, which are hand-sewn and lined with angora, are made exclusively for Jenners and priced at £2 10s. 6d. Lending emphasis to the high-waisted look of the suit, the blouse (left) in stone-coloured cotton, hand-embroidered in shades of blue and green, costs £6 3s. 6d. The link gilt brooch costs £1 15s., and the gilt brooch £1 10s. Its larger twin, priced at £2 5s., is worn with the stone Lurex handbag with the new larger loop (shown above left). This is from a selection of handbags at Jenners, and is by Fleishman, price 6 gns.

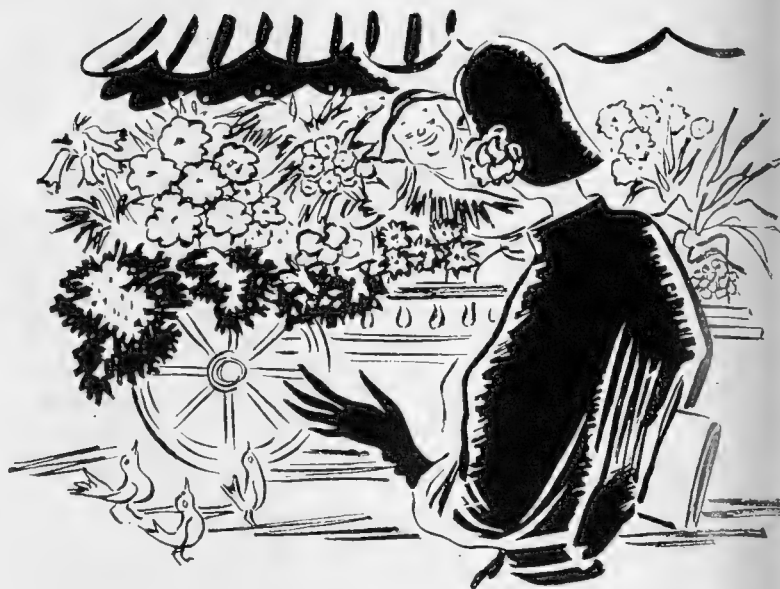
Photograph by
F. Alexander



BEAUTY

Matching makes perfection

by JEAN CLELAND



HARMONY is described in the dictionary as a "composition of things, intended to form a connected whole."

This sums up today's trend in fashion and beauty, both of which are now so subtly interwoven that it is impossible to consider one without the other. Modern appraisal of elegance is one in which dress, hair, make-up scent and even stockings and jewellery are all designed to blend in such a way as to create a picture of harmonious finish.

Cosmeticians, hair stylists, jewellers and fashion houses each combine one with the other to achieve an effect of concord, creating colours that tone, tints that blend and scents that build up a single theme.

In the wise belief that an idea of this kind should start at the very beginning and follow through, Cotys make a valuable contribution with Tip-to-Toe perfume harmony, in which the toilet accessories are all chosen to match. First decide on the perfume, choosing either a sophisticated scent such as *Nouveau Gardenia*, or one of lighter flower fragrances such as *Muguet des Bois*. Having settled on this, match it up—or as Cotys say, "echo it"—throughout the whole of the toilet accessories. These include talcum powder, dusting powder, bath salts, bath oil, *eau de toilette*, creamy

skin perfume, twistick, solid cologne, hand lotion, sachets for lingerie and handkerchiefs.

Stockings can be had in a number of soft delicate shades to tone with the shade of the dress one is wearing. With shorter hemlines these are more attractive than a contrasting shade, since with an unbroken line one gets the effect of harmony.

Gala have played up to this scheme and taken it still further with what they call a *Nail Fantasy*. Fantasy it most certainly is, and quite a charming one, with six different shades of nail varnish in pastel colours. These colours have been created to go with a range of branded stockings and special evening dress Heathcoat fabrics. They come in Blue Moon, Iced Primrose, Green Willow, Pink Topaz, Sea Spray, and Lilac Mist.

It is hard to decide whether the idea will become popular but the young may quite well get away with it, and find it fun to vary the colour of their finger-nails to tone in with the shade of evening or cocktail dress that they are wearing. It is original, and no more extraordinary to wear a pale yellow nail varnish to tone with a yellow chiffon frock than to wear a gold or silver one to go with gold or silver lamé.

Jewellery is something else that is being brought in to the harmony story. Ropes

and ropes of shaded pearls in all sizes and shapes are now being made by Adrien Mann, and sets of enamel necklets, bracelets and ear-rings in the *Nail Fantasy* colours, are available from Jewelfcraft.

At a party given by Gala at their factory, to launch *Nail Fantasy*, we saw some charming models demonstrating the whole idea, and I must say that the whole effect was of a fairy-like charm. One girl I specially liked wore a willow green chiffon evening frock, willow green nail varnish, willow green eye shadow, and shimmering pearls in pastel fantasy shades woven into her fair hair.

In harmonizing make-up to go with the rest of the ensemble one cannot, of course, have matching colours. We haven't come to yellow or green lips—not yet. If, however, the general effect of harmony is to be maintained, it is very important to choose make-up shades to tone in with the colour of your dress. A good general rule is to have your foundation and powder to blend with your skin, and to vary the rouge and lipstick according to the dress that you are wearing.

Blues and bluey-greens need the blue-toned reds, such as cherry, yellows and yellowy-greens look best with the reds that have yellow tones, such as scarlet, regimental, and pillar-box red. From the many delicate pastel shades, so flattering both to young people and to older women with grey or white hair, the best choice is a pink or a deeper rose lipstick and rouge. In connection with this I am able to tell you of something new and lovely, a shade called *Bed of Roses*, which has been specially keyed by Helena Rubinstein to the new autumn fashions.

"Throughout the coming season," says Madame Rubinstein, "there will be roses everywhere; at the high waists, at the low necklines, on the collars and in the hair." With harmony in mind again, Helena Rubinstein has made this special new *Bed of Roses* lipstick shade. It is a pink with greater depth than usual, and with an under-note of glowing red. For the *Bed of Roses* look, there is a colour range of Rubinstein make-up in silk face powder, silk-tone foundation, and a silk 'minute-make-up' compact.



A jacket in double nylon trimmed with nylon lace and ribbon (£3 13s. 6d.). Marshall & Snelgrove

Dennis Smith



the name

of authority

in furs

Bradley's

2 WELBECK STREET, W.1

A Bradley model in beaver and leopard



The cigar box (above) is made in engine-turned solid silver, costs £135. The matching cigarette box costs £47 10s. Mappin & Webb

The reference books (left) are all made in white luxan hide (visitors book, £2 14s.; diary, 29s. 3d.; birthday book, 18s. 3d.; address and telephone book, 28s. 9d.). Leading stores

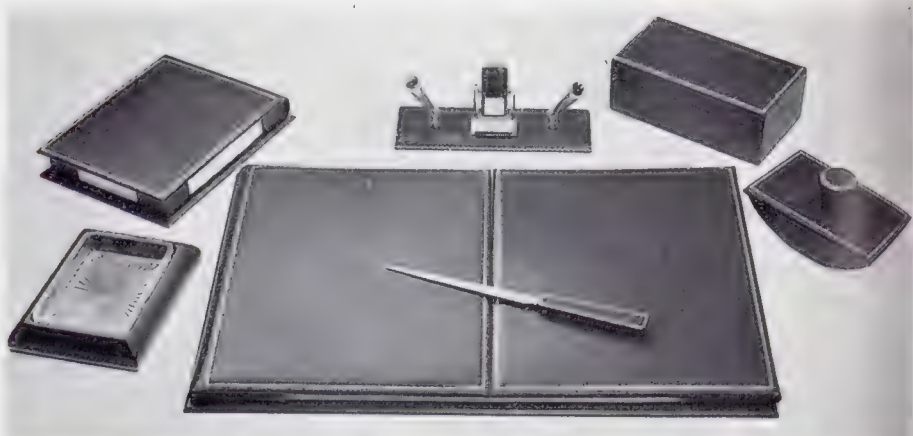
SHOPPING

If there's a desk in the home

by JEAN STEELE



The electric desk pad (above) remembers for you notes made days or weeks ago (£5 5s.). Harrods. Right: A red calf desk lamp (£24 15s.), and matching spectacle stand (£4). Asprey & Co. Ltd.



Dennis Smith

The desk set (above) is made in navy morocco. Prices: blotting pad, £5 13s.; double penholder with calendar, £3 14s.; rocker blotter, 37s.; memo pad, £2 10s.; letter opener, 16s. 9d.; cigarette box, £3 2s.; ash tray, £1 15s. 3d. Leading stores

Brown morocco frames for photographs (from £1 16s. to £3 15s. 3d.). Leading stores

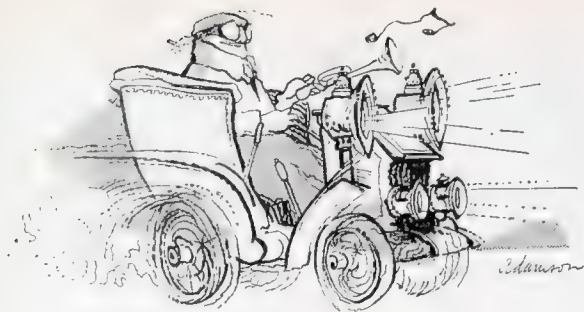
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MOTORING

Spotlight on Detroit

by GORDON WILKINS



TODAY'S AMERICAN cars are unsafe, inconvenient and uncomfortable—according to Henry Dreyfus, the well-known industrial designer. He has recently been giving Detroit a thorough going-over in Consumer Reports, published by Consumers Union, the independent product testing organization in the United States.

"Detroit's image of the American consumer is based on the dim past. Detroit is convinced that Americans who buy dignified, Scandinavian-inspired furniture for bright, simple, modern homes will nevertheless want a gaudy toy to take out on the road... a four-wheeled juke box....

"Our cars are vulgar and monotonous. They're like a brassy blonde; she's pretty dazzling for the first five minutes, but then you're embarrassed to be seen with her."

Get down to detail, Mr. Dreyfus condemns badly planned seats, the diversity of controls (confusing and inconvenient to operate), excessively large steering wheels, tail fins which are treated purely as a decorative rather than as precise indications of the car's future intentions and present actions, and poor rear vision through mirrors which obstruct the forward view.

Criticizing aircraft practice and the standards adopted in military vehicles, "where all designs are a matter of life and death," he makes a plea for an international agreement to standardize car controls.

Mr. Dreyfus like many other critics lays the blame for this year's recession in the American motor industry on the product rather than on economic conditions and sees the slowing sales of imported cars as a proof that Detroit is working on the wrong lines. But the big manufacturers are going ahead with the mixture as before for 1959 and confidently expect a new surge of sales. Cars are still longer, lower and often wider, too; they are still more powerful and have more glass than ever.

General Motors, who have forged ahead of their competitors this year, are first out with their 1959 models, some of which are shown here: Among the gimmicks are electric wipers (hitherto confined mainly to the Chrysler group), gay colours in a new acrylic lacquer which is said to have stood two years in the sun and salty breezes of Florida before it needed polishing, new speedometers which give audible and visual warning if the car exceeds any preset speed, and a cruise control (similar to one announced early this year by Chrysler) which keeps the car at a predetermined cruising speed until the driver cancels it by braking or by switching it off.

Braking on all American cars is notoriously deficient by European standards and it is therefore good news that improvements have been made, but it is difficult to get details. Pontiac's brake lining area has been increased by nearly 10 per cent, but the

precise figures are not revealed. I can, however, tell you that the top of their brake pedal measures 16 square inches! Buick already has aluminium alloy drums with turbo fins at the front and has further improved its brakes for 1959, but I cannot say how big the brakes are or how much the car weighs because these details were not considered worthy of inclusion in the thick books produced to tell the press about the new range. One can understand that the American consumer does not want to be bored with these details but they are matters of life and death which would assist the press.

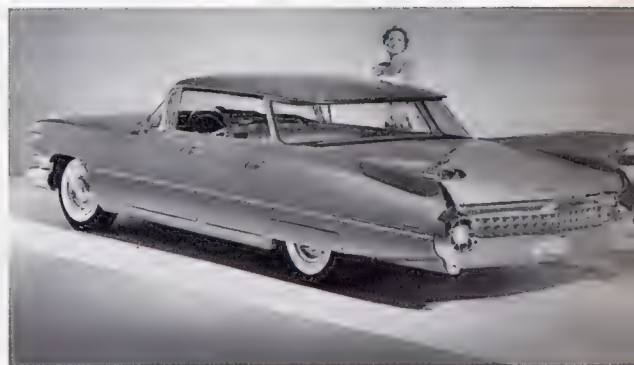
As it is, we are bombarded with trivialities. For example, the Buick station wagon has 5,550 square inches of glass, while the new Cadillac coupé's rear window alone has 1,726 square inches. These figures are apparently considered important. Yet between any two pillars the best vision is obtained through a perfectly flat pane of glass. Building out a glass balloon adds nothing to the range of vision—it probably reduces the quality through distortion.

This curious set of values is not confined to one group; it is common to all American manufacturers. One must at least admit that the General Motors range is excitingly new and the cars give excellent value for money. They may well consolidate the G.M. lead over its competitors during 1959.

The Humber Super Snipe

Just before the Paris Salon I tried out two of the new Humber Super Snipes over a route between Versailles and Rambouillet, one with automatic transmission and power steering, the other with normal gearbox, overdrive and unassisted steering. The new 2.6-litre six-cylinder engine is wonderfully smooth and quiet. The gear shifts on the automatic transmission were unusually smooth and a handy pull-out control holds Intermediate gear perfectly for winding ascents and descents. With the manual gearbox, second gave an indicated 60 m.p.h. and a flick of the overdrive switch sent the needle spinning round to 80, with top and overdrive still in reserve to take the car well over 90. The power steering is light—some people may take a few miles to get used to it, but I found there was enough road feel to hold an accurate course without concentration. The power system also damps out the tremor which can be felt through the wheel on French cobbles with the ordinary steering.

It is a fine achievement to offer this big, beautifully finished car at a basic price of £995, and the frustration the manufacturer feels was expressed by Sir William Rootes who said, "It is one of the tragedies of the day that the government should find it necessary to prevent people buying it at that price."



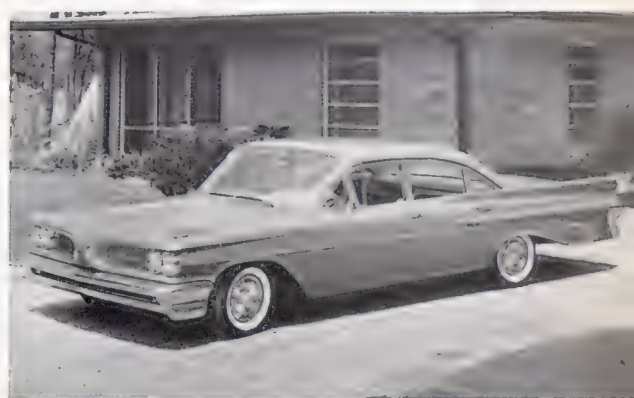
Cadillac Sedan de Ville



Buick Electra



Oldsmobile Dynamic 88 Sport Sedan



Pontiac Star Chief

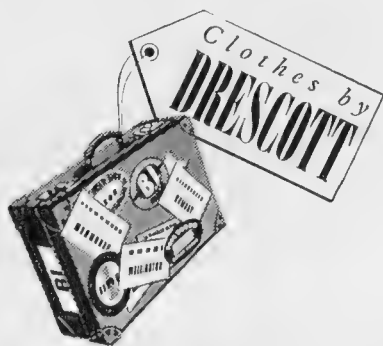


Correct!

Yes, there's something very correct about this fashionably casual Drescott Shortie. Based on the traditional British Warm, this "Cheltenham" model is cut from fine all-wool and wool-and-cashmere cloths, satin lined. Stocked by the better outfitters everywhere.

...it's a Drescott shortie

*The man who knows
wears*
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CVS-378



Head of one of Scotland's greatest families with the eponym Mac, Dame Flora Macleod of Macleod is the 28th chief of her clan. She lives in Dunvegan Castle on the Isle of Skye

GREAT PROGENITORS—2

If your name begins with a Mac

Second of an occasional series by L. G. PINE

ONE of the neatest things ever done in the cause of ancestor making was the Scottish Highland use of the eponymous or name-ancestor. The dictionaries dryly define an eponym as a name given to a people, place or institution after some person. They do not state how handy an eponym is in instilling a sense of inferiority in a Sassanach. If all the Browns, Smiths and Robinsons could suddenly be labelled MacBrown, etc.; if they could all feel a reflected glory in the achievements of their chief, the MacBrown of Brown, etc., then the English who can trace their ancestry for a mere 300-400 years (unless they are county families) would know what is meant by clan pride and clan spirit.

Of course there are great and distinguished families under the heading of Mac. The Mackenzies for one have an ancestry which shades away into the mists 900 years ago. The original ancestors were the House of Mackenzie of Kintail afterwards Earls of Seaforth. The first of the line recorded in documents was Alexander Mackenzie of Kintail, who was imprisoned by James I of Scotland in 1427. (There is, by the way, always plenty of bloodshed and law breaking in a clan history, such little incidents as piercing an unwanted brother with a red hot spit, etc.).

This Mackenzie of 1427 was the

ninth in descent from Gillianog, son of Gillian of the Air, ancestor of the Earls of Ross. The present representative, Sir Roderick Mackenzie, 9th Baronet, has thus a most distinguished and ancient ancestry. But does anyone really believe that all the Mackenzies in the world derive from the same line as Sir Roderick? In older days, the clansmen were known by or took the name of their chief, but were not necessarily related to him. Yet now any Mackenzie who is interested in the clan will thrill at the achievements of the chief's line.

It is the same with all the Highland clans; an eponymous ancestor does duty with the average clansman for the normal painstaking search among parish registers, wills, etc., which has to be carried out in the South. There is one exception to this rule. The MacGregors have had, since the early 17th century, a closer blood affinity than any other clan. They owe their blood purity to their ancestors' proclivity as blood-letters. So fiercely did the MacGregors deal with the Colquhouns of Luss and other gentlemen that James VI outlawed the clan and forbade them to use the name of MacGregor. He then wisely left for England to become James I. The MacGregors were under the ban of the law for nearly 200 years. No one joined that clan unless he really was a MacGregor.



Men who command are men who . . . command respect! Men of grand strategy comprehend detail, likewise. Men whom the world has marked for promotion know that personal standards are half the battle: and for them Yardley has given years of research into masculine needs—preparations with a freshness beyond compare. To choose just one example . . . the benign briskness of Yardley After Shaving Lotion costs only 5/5 (or 10/2 in the large bottle) . . . **Yardley for Men**

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classic styling that puts your own qualities
paramount, and so becomes
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Isaac Bickerstaff (right) with Mrs. P. Adams and Mr. H. V. Boger (he manages the Shangri-La) at a party given by Lamet (Distributors) Ltd., who import Chinese foods



DINING OUT

With chopsticks in Bayswater

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

THERE ARE many restaurants which do not impress you as you enter for the first time. The ground floor may be more or less an ordinary coffee bar with some indication that the restaurant proper is up the stairs, which you may climb with some misgiving—no matter what you have heard about the quality of the food.

Having got to the top, you may on occasions find yourself "at home." You meet the manager, head waiter, the staff or even one of the directors, and the whole atmosphere changes. You feel content and at peace and know all is well.

So it was on my first visit to a Chinese restaurant in a district with which I am quite unfamiliar, The Dragon at 3 Westbourne Grove, W.2. Here I met its operating director, Mr. S. K. Ho.

Mr. Ho, although he has been in the Chinese restaurant business for seven years, prefers to be considered an amateur; previously he was First Secretary to the Chinese Embassy.

On my producing my own chopsticks he was sufficiently impressed to insist that I join him in an aperitif, quoting the venerable Chinese poet, Li Po, "One thousand worries evaporate in one drink."

I'm not sure whether the quantity should be increased when one is trying to deal with income-tax returns, but it's a nice thought!

With such an expert amateur as Mr. Ho present I left the choice of food to him. These are some of the delights in which we indulged. We started off with large Tientsin prawns, deep fried and delicious, which you can hold in your chopsticks and bite a bit off at a time. This was followed by thin cutlets of fresh turbot (steamed in black bean sauce, with a touch of garlic and ginger), and then a bowl of chopped chicken and pimento. This was

accompanied by a bowl of "Winter Twins." These are bamboo shoots with Chinese mushrooms and a bowl of boiled rice, because, as another famous Chinese poet said: "Meat without bamboo shoots makes people vulgar." I have a strong suspicion that Mr. Ho is something of a poet, too. For good measure we finished off with a savoury, "Nanking Toast," which is chicken liver on fried bread with, of course, some soya sauce poured over it.

This excellent meal (we had half portions, always enough in Chinese restaurants) cost two of us a little over £1. You can feed well for much less.

Mr. Ho's personal preference is for red wine, so, taking his advice, we had a bottle of Châteauneuf du Pape, "Clos" St. Clement 1952, for 18s. 6d.; good, but I still prefer a well chilled dry white, such as a Niersteiner—or a large Scotch with iced water.

The one thing that upset my evening was the tables. At least two years ago I told my wife that I intended to design and patent a table in which candle-lit dish heaters were inserted in the structure of the table sunk to the level of the table top. The reply was to the effect: "You are a scribbler and a wine bibber and the quicker you stop thinking about becoming an inventor, the better."

Having seen the effective way in which Mr. Ho's tables at The Dragon keep your food hot, I am convinced that debunking my idea was for the worst. Mr. Ho (being a gentleman from China) apologized for stealing a march on me by quoting another Chinese proverb which said: "All wise men think in the same way."

You can park your car with ease in the street round the corner and for table reservation in the evening, telephone Park 4328.



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DINING IN

Make mine mussels

by HELEN BURKE

NOWADAYS it is smart in France to appreciate inexpensive fish. In this country, when it comes to shellfish, mussels (now back again) remain the best of all bargains. Use them as a garnish for Sole Normande and Sole Dieppoise, in Spanish Paellas, and in chowders where they can easily stand in for clams.

It is a good plan to order them, say, once a fortnight and to set to and prepare and serve them in various ways. Whatever way they are going to be served, they must first be prepared Mariner style—*Moules Marinière*. This is the sailor's way with them and, therefore, the simplest of all.

To begin with, however, start with ideal mussels, not muddy ones. Go to a good mussel man and deal with him and no one else. We are told by some authorities to feed mussels, in water, with flour or oatmeal and let them clean themselves of sand. Nothing much can be done about muddy ones. The best mussels have had all the attention they need on the cleaning score before they reach the fishmonger.

Scrape and wash them under running water. Pull off and discard any weed attached to them and leave them in a large basin of cold water while you get on with the other preparations. Discard any mussels which do not close tightly when being handled.

For $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 quarts of mussels, pour $\frac{1}{4}$ pint dry white wine into a large enough pan with a good lid. Add up to 1 oz. butter, several stalks of parsley, a chopped medium-sized onion or, better still, 2 finely-chopped shallots, a small sprig of thyme, a piece of bay leaf and a pinch of pepper (no salt). Be careful with the bay leaf. Sometimes it makes itself so insistent that nothing else gets a fair show!

Let the lot boil very hard. At once, add the drained mussels and put on the lid. Give them 3 minutes after the liquid comes to the boil again, shaking them on the cooker. Have a look at them. If the shells have not opened, give them another

minute, which should be ample. One thing to avoid is overcooking the mussels so that you get little rubbery orange morsels instead of plump creamy ones.

Lift out the mussels into a tureen, discarding the half shells. Reheat the stock. Strain it through muslin on to the mussels and scatter chopped parsley over the surface.

Moules Poulette are opened in the same way and removed from their shells. The strained stock is slightly thickened with a white roux. Finish (for $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock) by stirring in an egg yolk beaten with $\frac{1}{4}$ pint cream. At the last minute, add the mussels, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice and a sprinkling of parsley. Heat through but do not boil again.

A Mussel Pilaff is satisfying enough to serve as a light main course. Start with the mussels as above but stop their cooking after a bare 3 minutes.

Melt 1 oz. butter in a pan. Add a chopped onion and simmer it for a minute or two. Add 6 to 8 oz. Patna rice, unwashed but rubbed in a cloth, and shake it about over a low heat until it is a chalky white. Now put in the strained mussel stock and enough water to make $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 pint liquid in all. Cover and transfer to a fairly hot oven and let the rice cook for about 20 minutes, when it should be ready and all the stock absorbed. If it is too firm, add a little more water and give it a few minutes longer.

Add another ounce of butter and the shelled mussels and warm through. If liked, heat a sprinkling of curry-powder in a little butter and turn the shelled mussels in it before adding them to the rice.

I like a Cream of Mussel Soup using all the strained stock from a quart of mussels, cooked *Marinière*, to make a thin *Velouté* sauce, and adding enough water to make $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints. Finish with beaten yolk of egg and $\frac{1}{4}$ pint cream. Add the shelled mussels and heat through.

Mussels, cooked and shelled as above, then wrapped in streaky bacon and quickly grilled, make just as exciting savouries as oysters do—at bargain price!





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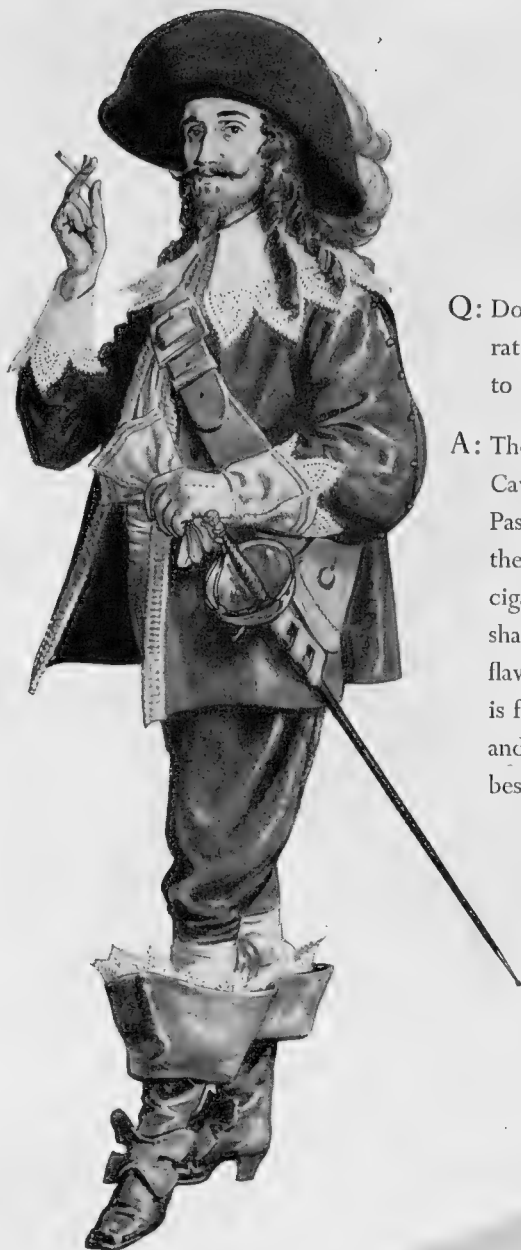
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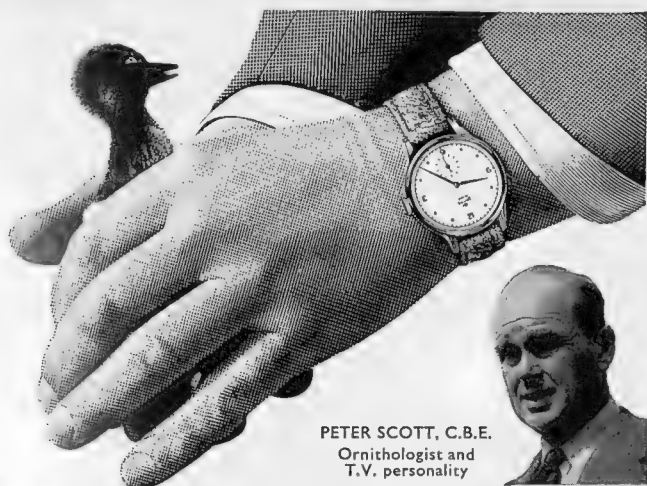


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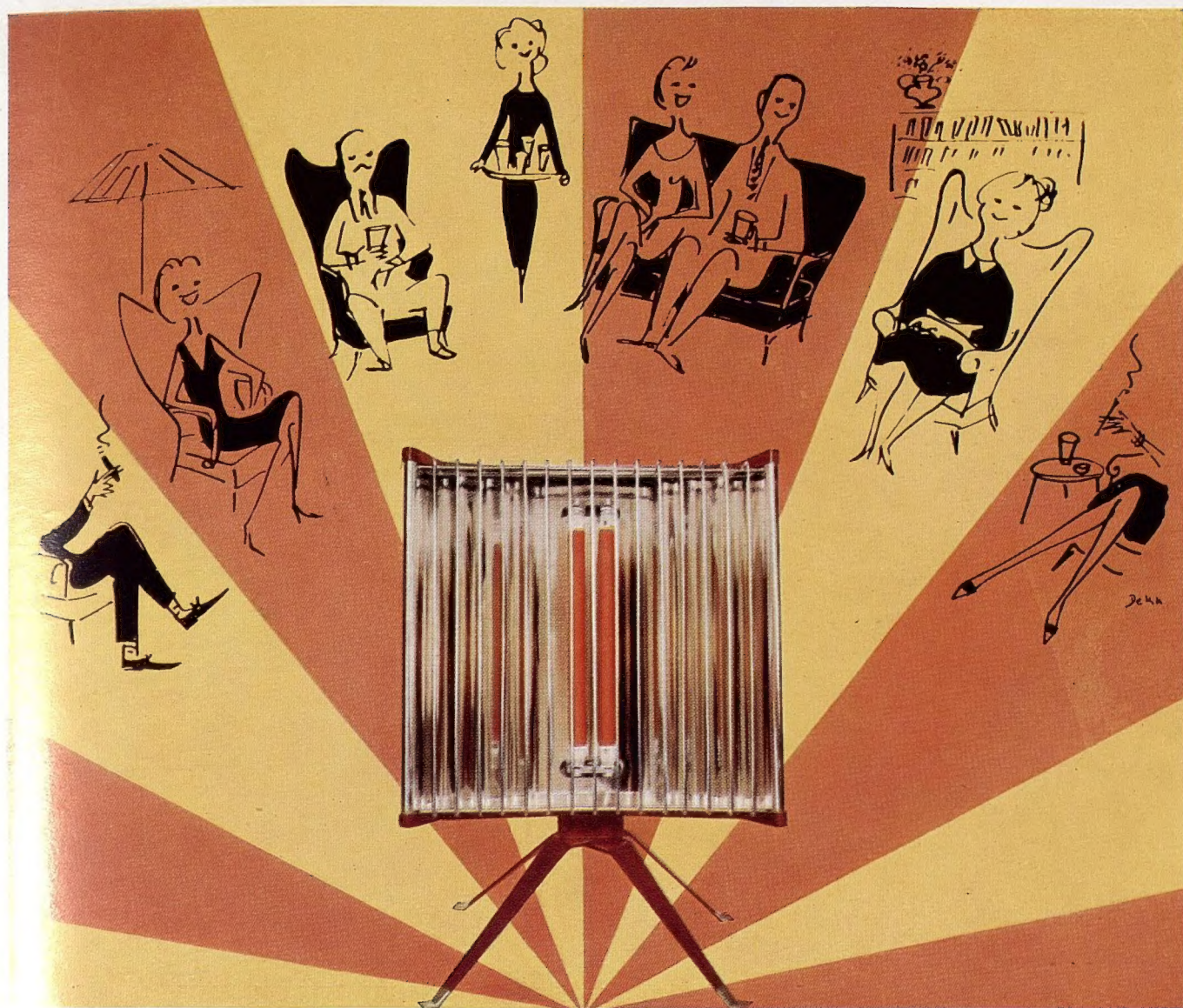
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